

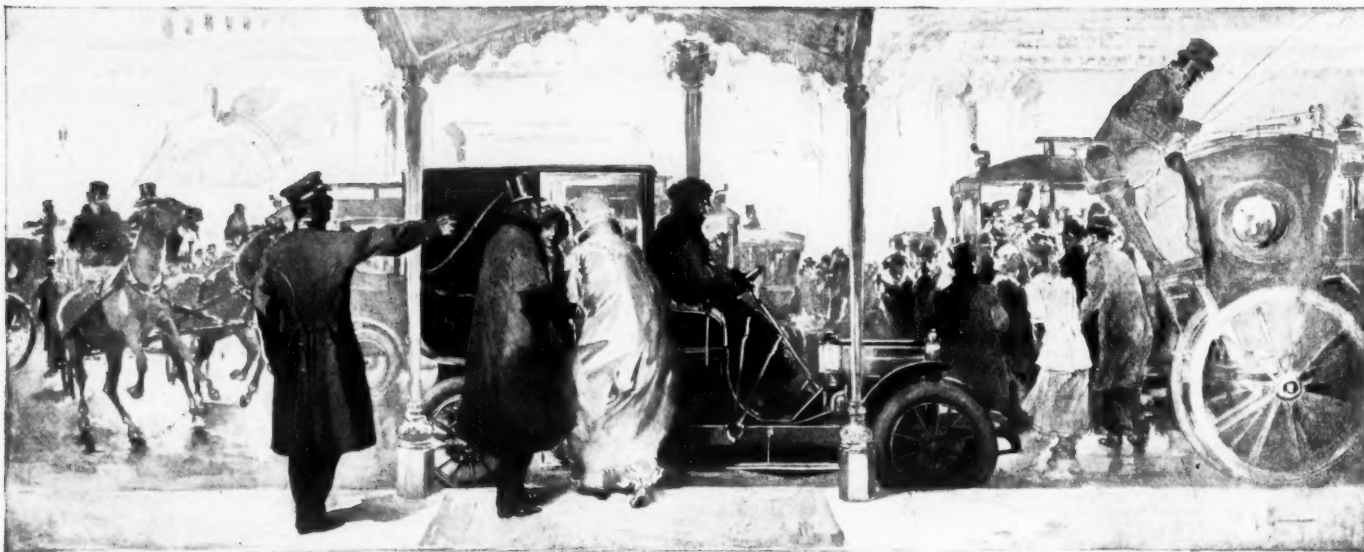
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Colliers

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



"Morning waits at the end of the world, Gipsy, come away"—Kipling



16 H.P. Landaulet

THE THOMAS TOWN CAR

A Car for Every Hour in the Day! Every Day in the Year!

We ask you to pay particular attention to the difference between the Thomas Town Car Landaulet and all other automobiles.

It is virtually a little room on wheels with all of the most desirable of creature comforts. Privacy—light—heat—mirror—toilet accessories—a lounging place where no one intrudes.

Your man can lower the top in 30 seconds and convert the Town Car into the most luxurious city or suburban car with one-half the weight and one-third the tire and operating expense of the big touring car you always hesitate about using downtown.

It isn't a question of "Can I afford this car?" but rather "Can I afford to do without it?"—for every conceivable social function, from dinner calls to opera going. The dust-proof, yet ventilated, enclosed body of the Thomas Town Car, when the top is up, will save a month's operating expenses in a single evening by giving perfect and absolute protection to milady's toilette.

The Thomas Town Car Landaulet Has Every Desirable Quality for City and Suburban Use.

The Town Car is never an idle car.

An owner does not sink his money in the Town Car.

The man about town has little use for a heavy touring car. But the Thomas Town Car—opened or closed—is suited to any weather—any season—every hour in the day—every day in the year.

To and from business—for business calls throughout the day—moving quietly—speedily—surely and safely.

Turning in the ordinary city streets without backing—easily handled in crowded traffic—so light in weight and hung so low it will not rock or skid. These features alone mean a saving of two-thirds in tire expense.

And the comfort of it—deep luxurious seats—a dust proof body when top is up. A perfect open car with wind shield protection when top is down.

In the Social Capitals of Europe and America the Town Car has Supplanted the Big Car for Obvious Reasons.

While some years ago it was good form to make a private hansom, coupe or brougham a part of one's establishment, to-day the man who knows makes use of a Thomas Town Car Landaulet.

Aside from the fact that it can give him ten times as much service as any horse drawn vehicle, he knows that its use is good form—in fact, from one of high social position, it is demanded.

Built on smart lines, approved by social leaders both at home and abroad, the Town Car through both service and style is unique among automobiles.

Closed, it is a perfect private vehicle, exquisitely appointed with all necessary toilet and convenient accessories—open, the wind shield is between the passenger and driver, seats are deeply luxurious. Its advent on the avenues of fashion has been marked by the warmest approval.

To the uses, utility, convenience and beauty of the Town Car we have devoted much space. This is a statement covering briefly those technical points upon which every automobile buyer who desires to get his money's worth should properly inform himself.

The Power Plant of the Thomas Town Car Landaulet is the Most Efficient Motor Ever Built.

There are no better gasoline engines made anywhere in the world than those designed and built by the Thomas Motor Company, for various Thomas cars.

But the 16-22 used in the Town Car is the pride of the Thomas Motor Company's engineering department. Not only are the cylinders water-jacketed, but so also are all the intake and outlet valves, exhaust pipes, etc. And yet this wonderful little motor is cast in two pieces.

Selective style transmission of an improved type accentuates the ease of control.

Every part is especially designed for simplicity and strength.

The cam shaft, crank shaft, transmission and wheel bearings are all of the annular ball type, as well as those in the clutch and steering gear—twenty-seven sets in all.

The Transmission control is new and very simple.

There are three forward speeds and one reverse.

The drive is of the floating rear axle type; there are four brakes, all of which, combined with many other features, make the Thomas Town Car an efficient machine—an artistic, aristocratic turnout. The furnishings of the Town Car are equal to its mechanical equipment. Deep seats luxuriously upholstered, smart, complete appointments, including necessary toilet utilities.

Nothing that can contribute to the comfort of the owner has been forgotten or neglected. The compact little car will carry six comfortably.

The Town Car with Landaulet, Cabriolet, Brougham and Limousine car bodies may be seen at any Thomas Dealer's. Price \$3000—\$3250. Send two-cent stamp for postage and we will send you our beautiful Town Car booklet which will tell you all about them.

If interested in our other cars we will cheerfully send you full information regarding them and arrange—if you wish—with our local dealer in your city for a demonstration. We will be glad to do this for you without placing you under any obligations to us.

We simply want a chance to show you what Thomas cars will do—why the Thomas car has been America's champion in the New York to Paris Race—leading the way across the entire Continent and demonstrating, beyond the possibility of an argument, the superiority of the Thomas—and incidentally the American motor car.

Ask us to send you a route card and other literature regarding this most wonderful endurance contest around the World.

Besides the Town Car we have three other lines, ranging in price from:

Thomas-Detroit Four-cylinder
40 H.P. \$2750—\$3750.
The Thomas-Flyer Four-cylinder
60 H.P. \$4500—\$5700.
The Thomas-Flyer Six-cylinder
70 H.P. \$6000—\$6900.

Remember it's Thomas quality that counts—Own a Thomas.

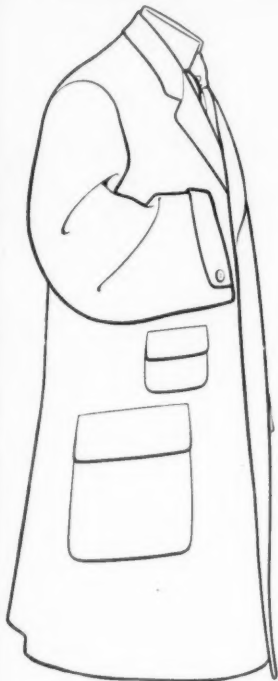
E. R. THOMAS MOTOR COMPANY

MEMBER A. L. A. M.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

The Last Suit That Stein-Bloch Make



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

fits as accurately as the model upon which that suit was based. This is important to you.

Good friends have pointed out that when Stein-Bloch advertise that they have been tailoring 53 years they are not saying anything that should lead a man to buy Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes. These good friends forget that Stein-Bloch advertise "53 Years of Knowing How."

The "Knowing How" is what makes the last suit fit as well as the first. It is what makes this suit fit you no matter whether you live in New York, or Oregon, or Louisiana.

One tailor doesn't make the suit or overcoat. It is the united product of a body of tailors, each of whom holds his place because he is the best man at that task. When each one has finished his special work and the results are assembled, the suit or overcoat fits because the men who made the parts knew what they were doing.

This is modern, economical tailoring.

Write for "Smartness," the photographically illustrated style book—mailed free showing all the new Spring and Summer models.



STEIN-BLOCH
Smart Clothes

SINCE 1854

Offices and Shops: NEW YORK
ROCHESTER, N. Y. 130-132 Fifth Ave.

Economy in Mattress Buying



THERE are two ways to buy a mattress.

One is by price.

The other is to make sure about quality.

For the same price, you can get a mattress that will soon pack, get hard and flat, or you can get one that will never lump, never need re-making, that will stay springy and buoyant.

How can you tell?

Look inside. Mattresses look very much alike. But there is a vast difference inside. The value depends on the length and quality of the fibers of the cotton used and the way they are "laid."

Many mattresses sold as the best cotton felts, are made of short fiber cotton which has no life at all, some even from cotton taken from second-hand mattresses and comforts, others of "shoddy" made from discarded clothing.

THE STEARNS & FOSTER MATTRESS

is made of pure, absolutely fresh cotton, in four grades, ranging in price according to the length and quality of the fibers used in each.

Each mattress is made with our original laced-opening, which shows you not what is in a sample section but in the mattress you buy. The four grades are "style A," the finest; "Lenox," Grade B; "Windsor," Grade C; "Anchor," Grade D. All are made by the Stearns & Foster "web" process of crossing and recrossing the fibers which gives them their perfect comfort and wonderful life.

Our "Bedroom Book" gives facts every woman should know before buying a mattress. Write for it. Stearns & Foster Mattresses are sold by the leading dealers. Ask for them. If your dealer hasn't them, write us and we will give you the name of one who has, or see that you are supplied.

THE STEARNS & FOSTER CO., DEPT. G, CINCINNATI
LARGEST MAKERS OF COTTON FELT MATTRESSES IN THE WORLD

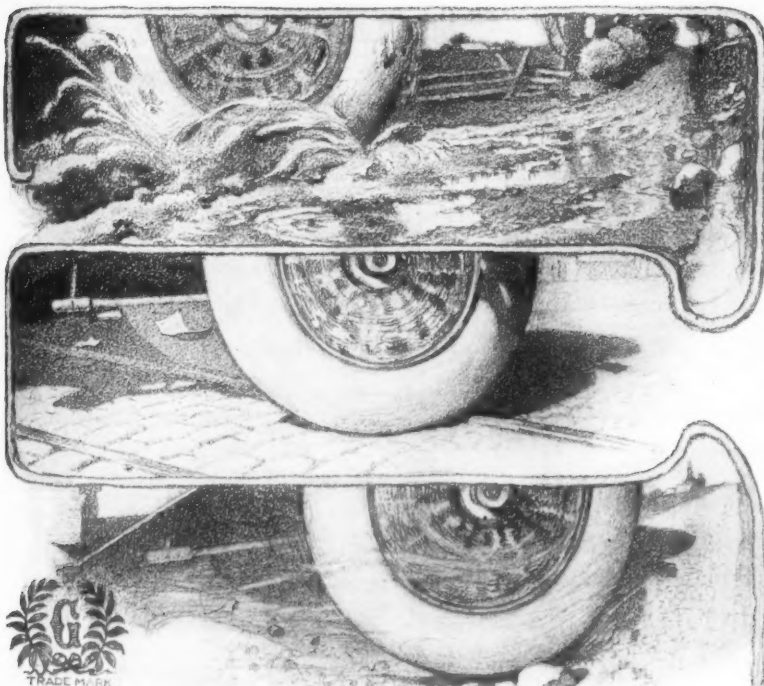
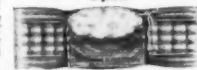
BRANCH OFFICES & WAREHOUSES
NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURGH CHICAGO ST. LOUIS

Closed



Look for this opening, the name the Stearns & Foster Mattress and the grade sewn in each. If you don't find it don't buy it. Write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Open



Whatever the Road Goodrich Tires are ready for it—

whether rocks and ruts, mud and clay, or granite blocks, they are ready to carry their load with speed and safety. With boulevard ease and resilience, but with cross-country durability, they take roads as they find them—because they are made ready by the Goodrich method of building tires, in the largest rubber factory in the world. The proof of their superiority is recorded on every highway in America—and the records are yours for the asking.

The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio

CHICAGO
PHILADELPHIA
BOSTON
DETROIT

CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS
DENVER
SAN FRANCISCO

LOS ANGELES
SEATTLE
LONDON
PARIS

Our Products are also handled in
NEW YORK and BUFFALO by
THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY
of New York.

Our Goodrich Solid Rubber Tires started in the lead fifteen years ago and have held their own ever since



Paint For Every Purpose

A bright, cheerful, spick and span kitchen is the joy of every housekeeper. If your kitchen is dingy or cheerless you can brighten it up in a very few minutes with the aid of Acme Quality Paints and Finishes. There's Neal's Enamel, Acme Quality, for your walls—a hard lustrous enamel easily cleaned with a damp cloth.

There's Acme Quality Varno Lac to refinish your woodwork in imitation of any of the expensive natural woods. There's Granite Floor Paint, Acme Quality, for your floor—looks good, wears well, cleans easily.

ACME QUALITY



specialties are made for every purpose—in every shade and finish—and they are all ready to apply. Write for the Acme Quality Text Book on Paints and Finishes. It tells you just what to order for any kind of work and how to apply it. Sent free. When you think of painting the outside of your house ask the practical painter about Acme Quality New Era Paints.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Dept. P, Detroit, Mich.
IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living

ARNICA TOOTH SOAP



STRONG'S Arnica Tooth Soap

antiseptic, preserves while it beautifies—sweetens the breath—hardens the gums—whitens the teeth.

A leading dentifrice for a

Third of a Century

The metal package is most convenient for travel or the home. No liquid or powder to spill or waste.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906; Serial No. 1612

25c. AT ALL DRUGGISTS

(Sent postpaid if yours hasn't it.)

Preserves
while it
Beautifies

ARNICA
TOOTH SOAP



STRONG'S ARNICA JELLY

Ideal for sunburn, keeps the skin soft and smooth; nothing better for chaps, pimples, burns, bruises and all eruptions. The collapsible metal tube is convenient and unbreakable. If your dealer hasn't it, send to us.

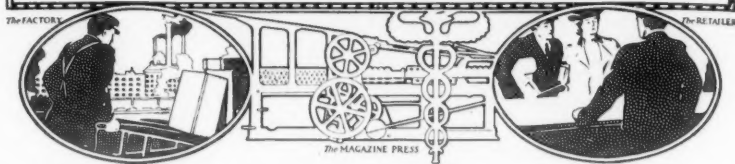
Sent Postpaid for 25 Cents

Agencies in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Hamburg, Ghent, Brussels, Madrid, Havana and City of Mexico. Sold in nearly every city on the Globe through the export jobbing houses of New York, San Francisco and New Orleans.

C. H. STRONG & CO., Chicago, U.S.A.



THE MAN WHO DID



ONE day a manufacturer came to a certain city in the Middle West to secure a distributing point for a new line of goods. A new line. But not new merchandise. For such goods had been long in use. This manufacturer, however, made a better grade. He charged a little more. He proposed to explain, by magazine advertising, how such merchandise is produced, how to recognize purity and quality, and why a trifling extra cost means good value to the consumer.

This city had three merchants in that line of business.

The first was a merchant-prince—established forty years, rich, prominent in business and public affairs. He refused to handle this new line.

"Why should I lend our reputation to build up your business? No advertising you can print in the magazines will make your word as good as ours in this city."

The second merchant was the largest competitor of the first. He was willing to order a small lot of the goods, but said they must take their chances—he did not propose to let any outsider build on his reputation, either.

The third merchant in this town was a beginner—obscure, hampered for capital. But this third man saw that the promotive work the manufacturer proposed to do, if actively backed up by himself, could be made a strong lever in building a new business.

Now, the manufacturer needed a loyal distributor in that town. Preferably a big one—the leading store if possible. But he had only

the manufacturer's magazine advertising loyally and intelligently, and swung into the current of the new demand.

That was five years ago.

The other day a curious thing happened. Two men boarded trains in that town, went East, and walked into this manufacturer's office together to bid competitively for the agency for those goods. One was the merchant-prince. The other was his erstwhile competitor. They were eager to secure what both had refused five years before.

Why?

Because informing advertising, read by hundreds of thousands of people, had made goods bearing that manufacturer's name the standard for quality and trustworthiness.

These two merchants had heard that there might be an opportunity to secure this right and rectify their past error of policy. For that once obscure little merchant had grown to a point where he was selling his business to seek a wider field.

Neither of them got this agency, however. The manufacturer informed them that it could in no way be affected by the sale of the present owner's business, because it was part of his good-will—an asset that he had helped create, to be sold by him to his successor.

National advertising by manufacturers in the monthly and weekly periodicals has put hundreds of new commodities on the merchant's shelves, increasing his turnover, and adding to the public comfort.

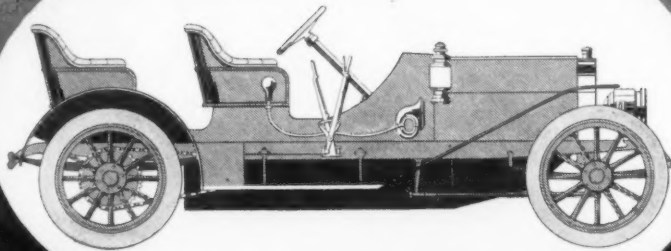
The advertised commodity is what causes trade to grow fastest, not only in volume, but in quality of demand. For only the manufacturer can undertake nowadays to show the consumer where quality lies, and only national advertising will do it.

The best interests of merchant, consumer, and producer require a free channel for the advertised commodities from factory to family. The wisest retail practice today is that which gives the advertising manufacturer good facilities for delivering what he has sold.

The Quoin Club TIT IT Key

THIS little 16-page monthly, half the size of magazine page, will be sent on request to any Business Man who is interested in advertising. Address Quoin Club 111 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Locomobile



40 RUNABOUT
\$4750.
60 H. P. MOTOR

The Locomobile Company of America
Bridgeport Conn.
Branches
NEW YORK - PHILADELPHIA - CHICAGO - BOSTON

"Getting Out the Good Old Honest Country Vote"



was drawn by A. B. Frost, who has made a study of the hearts and ways of the country folk. This particular drawing is a gentle satire upon our American voting system as applied in the country districts.

"The Obstinate Juror"

portrays with gentle humor the real, the human aspects of village and farm life. Taken with several others it represents the most characteristic work of Orson Lowell, who enjoys a unique reputation for depicting life in rural America.



Yours for \$1.00 each

To give everybody who appreciates this sort of drawing an opportunity to enjoy these artists, a number of reprints have been carefully made, in duotone ink on heavy mounts, size 20 x 28 inches, ready for framing. These art proofs will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada, prepaid, upon receipt of \$1.00 each.

A handsome new edition of the Art Print Catalogue containing 150 illustrations and pictures of the leading artists in the country will be sent you on receipt of 15 cents in stamps.

Address PRINT DEPARTMENT, P. F. COLLIER & SON
412 West 13th Street New York City

"The Tanks With a Reputation." WATER SUPPLY SYSTEMS for COUNTRY HOMES



You can have an efficient, reliable and permanent Water Supply for House Service, Lawns, Gardens, Conservatories and Stables by putting in a

Caldwell Tank and Tower with ample pressure for fire protection. No Leaks—No Repairs—No Freezing—Will withstand a Hurricane—Will last a life time. Thousands in use. References all around you. We install complete, if desired, with Wind Mill, Gasoline Engine, Hot Air Pump or Hydraulic Ram.

25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Send for Special Water Works Catalogue 2 and Book of Photographic Views.

W. E. CALDWELL CO., Incorporated
Louisville, Ky., U.S.A.

HOW TO GET 4 FINE PICTURES FREE



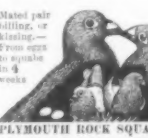
To every reader of this periodical who is interested in outdoor life we will send without charge a set of four beautiful pictures. They are printed on heavy art paper and will make excellent decorations, framed, in passe-partout, or just as they are: size 10 1/2 x 7 1/4 inches. We make this offer to enable us to send you information about our "Standard Library of Natural History," a unique, unusually attractive work. In writing, enclose ten cents (silver or stamps) to pay for wrapping and postage. This will be refunded if you request it after examining the pictures. Don't confuse these with cheap pictures, as they would be sold in art stores for 50 cents each.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, 63 Fifth Avenue, New York

PATENTS

64 PAGE BOOK FREE

This book contains 100 cuts of Mechanical Movements and Tells about PATENTS. What to Invent for Profit and How to Sell a Patent. O'NEARA & BROCK, Pat. Attys., 918 F St., Washington, D. C.

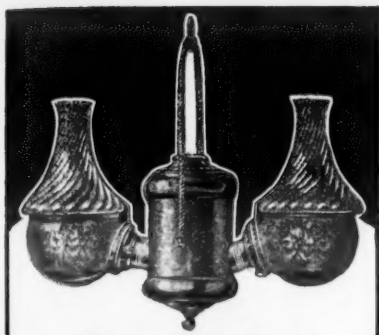


SQUAB BOOK FREE

Send for our handsome 1908 Free Book, telling how to make money breeding squabs. We were first; our birds are largest and most profitable; our methods made a new business of squab raising and are widely copied.

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 325 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



"Better than Gas"

"I HAVE ANGLE LAMPS IN EVERY ROOM in the house," writes Mr. W. D. Manross, Vineyard Haven, Mass. "It is the most satisfactory system that I have yet tried, and I have used gas, electricity, gasoline and acetylene. I nearly lost my eyesight a few years ago studying by electric light. THIS IS THE FIRST SATISFACTORY LIGHT to read by I have found since."

The 1908 Improved ANGLE LAMP

is lighted and extinguished like gas. May be turned high or low without odor. No smoke, no danger. Filled while lighted and without moving. Requires filling but once or twice a week. It floods a room with its beautiful, soft, mellow light that has no equal. WRITE FOR OUR CATALOG '19' and our proposition for a

30 Days' Free Trial

Just write for our free catalog '19' fully describing The Angle Lamp and listing 32 varieties from \$2.00 up. And we'll send you our 32 page book free, with the trial proposition. Lighting is an important matter. Reader, this is a case where the best is by far the cheapest; we suggest that you "do it now."

THE ANGLE MFG. CO., 159-161 West 24th Street, NEW YORK

A San Francisco Print Shop Opportunity

A most complete plant—everything new—equipped about a year ago at an outlay of \$24,000.00; consisting of Miehle Cylinders, Colts Armory, Universal, Golding Jobbers, Bronzing Machine, Cutters, Numbering Machines, Stitchers, Perforators, Punches and Dies. All machines have individual motor power.

New type in the best stands and cases obtainable—complete racks of furniture and three perfect imposing stones; complete stock department; composing, press, bindery and office rooms all on one spacious ground floor. This shop has paid \$1,200.00 net profits a month; the owner ceased operating this plant, now devoting his time professionally.

Everything in the plant is new and will be sold outright or to a man or men with printing sense an arrangement can be made for operating, which will assure a profitable investment. Business conditions in San Francisco are now better than they have ever been in the history of the city. Address

L. Burnham, 20 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

Collier's

Saturday, April 25, 1908



Cover . . . Designed and Engraved on Wood by Howard McCormick

A Spring Idyl . . . Frontispiece . . . Rollin Kirby 10

Editorials . . . 11

Letters to the Family . . . Rudyard Kipling 13
VII—"The Wonderful Years To Be"
Illustrated with Photographs

Governor Johnson in Washington . . . 14

Yon Yonson of Minnesota. . . Poem . . . Wallace Irwin 15

Submarines for the Philippines. . . Photograph . . . 15

Untapped Thrift . . . Samuel E. Moffett 15

The New York Saloon . . . Arthur Hamilton Gleason 16
I—"The Brewer's Men: the Saloon-keeper"
Illustrated by John Sloan and with a Photograph

The Canopy Bed. . . Story . . . Temple Bailey 18
Illustrated by Charlotte Harding

Out of a Job—News of the Unemployed . . . Arthur Ruhl 20
II—"The Workers Concerned"
Illustrated with Photographs

Mark Twain off Duty. . . Photograph . . . 21

Val le Morte—Part II. . . Story . . . Justus Miles Forman 21
Illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark

The "Albany's" Prize Gunners . . . John L. Martin 23
Illustrated with a Photograph

The Fleet's Respects to Chile . . . Frederick Palmer 23
Illustrated with a Photograph

Getting Ready for Summer. . . Photograph . . . 24

The First Pure-Food-Law Conviction . . . Henry Beach Nieldan 24
Illustrated with a Photograph

The Disastrous Fire at Chelsea, Massachusetts. . . Photographs . . . 25

What the World is Doing . . . 26
Illustrated with Photographs

Our Kindergarten. . . Poem . . . 32

Dr. Koch's Visit to America . . . Woods Hutchinson, M. D. 32

Volume XLI . . . Number 5

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Information regarding tours to any part of the world will be furnished upon request by
COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT
420 W. 13th Street, New York

PICTURESQUE HOLLAND
THE LAND OF BEAUTIFUL SCENERY
The Most Interesting, Romantic and Historical Part of Europe
Don't Fail to Include it in Your
EUROPEAN TOUR
WRITE BEAUTIFUL GUIDE, MAILED FOR 10 CENTS. FREE FOR 10 CENTS. TIME TABLES FREE
I will advise you, free, regarding your complete European itinerary, including Holland.
Write me your plans
C. BAKKER, General American Agent
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9 SUMMER CRUISES to Northern Wonderlands
by superb twin screw cruising steamers
Consult Cruise Department
Hamburg-American Line
35-37 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco

Rocky Mountain and Yellowstone Park SUMMER CAMP FOR BOYS
Horseback through the heart of the Rockies and Yellowstone Park. Indian dances, ranch life, mountain climbing, fishing, etc. Ideal, delightful, beneficial trip for growing boys. Supervised by college men. Second season begins July 1st. Send for booklet. CHAS. C. MOORE, L.L.B., Fort Washakie, Wyo.

Holidays in England
Send 4 cents (postage) for illustrated book describing CATHEDRAL ROUTE, Pilgrim Fathers, Dickens and Tennyson Districts, also HAR WICH ROUTE, ENGLAND TO THE CONTINENT VIA HOOK OF HOLLAND OR ANTWERP. Address, H. J. KETCHAM, Gen'l Agt. GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY OF ENGLAND
362D Broadway, New York

THE THOMPSON-BALDASSERONI School of Travel
Eight months' travel and study abroad. Usual courses. Music no extra. Girls sail with Principal October 3rd. MRS. HELEN SCOTT, Sec'y, Dover, N. H.

MIDNIGHT SUN North Cape, Norwegian fjords
Scandinavian Tours a specialty. NORTHERN TOURIST SERVICE, 18 Broadway, New York. Apply for booklet.

THIS list of hotels is composed of only the best in each city and any statement made can be relied upon absolutely. Travelers mentioning the fact of having selected their stopping place from these columns will be assured excellence of service and proper charges.

Collier's National Hotel Directory

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 420 West Thirteenth Street, New York, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time tables of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

BALTIMORE, MD.
Hotel Belvedere A palatial new steel structure of 12 stories, all rooms outside with bath. Ball room, Theatre, Banquet Hall, \$2.00 a day up.

BOSTON, MASS.
Copley Square Hotel Huntington Ave., Exeter and Blagden Sts. High-class modern house. 350 delightful rooms, 200 private baths. E. \$1.50 up.

United States Hotel Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts. 360 rooms. Suites with bath. A. P. \$3. E. P. \$1 up. In centre of business section.

CHICAGO, ILL.
Chicago Beach Hotel 51st, Boul. and Lake Shore American & European plan. Finest hotel on the Great Lakes. Special Winter rates. 450 rooms. 250 private baths. Illus. Booklet on request.

CLEVELAND, OHIO
Hotel Euclid Euclid Ave. 300 new and handsome rooms. 150 baths. European Plan. \$1.50 to \$5.00 per day. Fred S. Avery, Prop.

DENVER, COLO.
Brown Palace Hotel Absolutely fireproof. Service and cuisine unexcelled. European Plan, \$1.50 and up. N. B. Tabor.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Crystal and Annex Johnstown's most popular hotel. Every convenience for tourists and merchants. Cafe of superior excellence.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
New Denechaud New Orleans' latest and most modern hotel. Built of steel, brick and concrete. Fronts on 4 streets. European plan \$1.50 up.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
Hotel Imperial Open the year round. Opposite New York Central Depot. Three blocks from the Falls. Am. Plan, \$3 and \$3.50. S. A. Greenwood.

RICHMOND, VA.
The Lexington Centrally located within 4 blocks of all Depots. 200 rooms. Excellent cuisine. American Plan \$2.50 up. European Plan \$1.00 up.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Fairmont Hotel Superbly situated, overlooks San Francisco Bay and "Battleship Row." Hdqrs. Army and Navy, social center of city. E. P. \$2.50 up. Every room has bath; man's g'm't Palace Hotel Co.

Galen Hall Hotel and Sanatorium. New stone, brick and steel building. Always ready, always busy, always open. Table and attendance unsurpassed.

Seaside House Situated at the end of Pennsylvania Avenue. Facing the Ocean and directly overlooking the boardwalk and famous Steel Pier.

Monticello THE HOTEL FOR COMFORT. Modern. High class. Splendid location. Private baths. Capacity 500. Moderate rates. Illus. Bklt. A. Conrad.

Information concerning New York or Atlantic City hotels will be furnished to any one on request by Collier's Travel Department, 420 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Broadway Central Hotel. Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table the foundation of enormous business. A. P. \$2.50. E. P. \$1.

Hotel Endicott 81st St. and Columbus Ave. Quiet family hotel. Adjoining finest parks, museums and drives. European, \$1.50 up.

Grand Union Hotel. Opposite Grand Central Station. Rooms \$1 a day up. Restaurants at moderate prices. Baggage to and from sta. free.

Marseille 103d St. & B'way. Subway Sta. at door. 18 min. from Wall St. 8 min. from Grand Central Sta. & Theatre dist. Eu. \$1.50 up. H. S. Clement, Pres.

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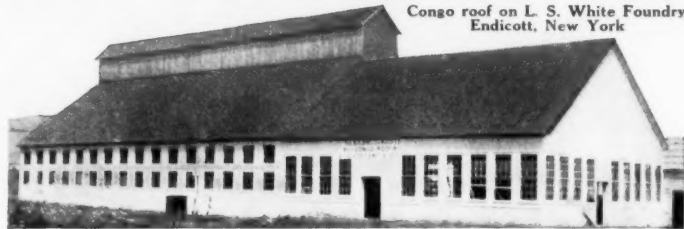
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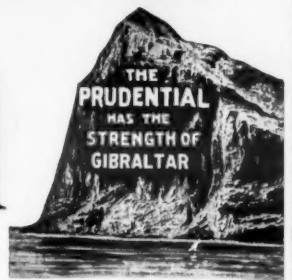
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Now we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with the 1c stamp for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain. The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning, 311 Kingmore Bldg., Cleveland, O.

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The University of Wisconsin offers six weeks' courses (June 22 to July 23), and very beautiful surroundings, to graduates and undergraduates, instructors in technical and high schools, and others. 90 instructors. Colleges of Arts, Sciences, Engineering, Law, and Agriculture. Send for illustrated bulletin to DIRECTOR, Summer Session, MADISON, WIS.



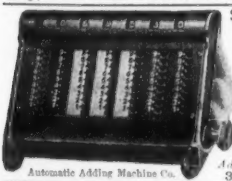
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If yours are not so, they will appear straight and trim if you wear our Pneumatic or Cushion Forms. Adjusted instantly, impossible to detect, easy as a garter. Highly recommended by army and navy officers, actors, tailors, physicians and men of fashion. Sent on approval. Write for photo-illustrated book and testimonials, mailed under plain letter seal. The Allison Co., Dept. 46, Buffalo, N.Y.

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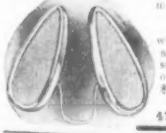
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, April 25, 1908



"You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse."—Julius Caesar.

Mr. Shaw Refuses

An entertaining aftermath of our quarterly fiction awards is the following, recently received from Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, whose story, "Aerial Football—The New Game," was printed in Collier's for November 23, 1907 (Thanksgiving Number):

"10 Adelphi Terrace, W. C.

"14th March, 1908.

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"DEAR SIR.—What do you mean by this unspeakable outrage? You send me a cheque for a thousand dollars, and inform me that it is a bonus offered by Messrs. P. F. Collier & Son for the best story received during the quarter in which my contribution appeared. May I ask what Messrs. P. F. Collier & Son expected my story to be? If it were not the best they could get for the price they were prepared to pay, they had no right to insert it at all. If it was the best, what right have they to stamp their other contributors publicly as inferior when they have taken steps to secure the result beforehand by paying a special price to a special writer? And what right have they to assume that I want to be paid twice over for my work, or that I am in the habit of accepting bonuses and competing for prizes?

"Waiving all these questions for a moment, I have another one to put to you. How do Messrs. P. F. Collier & Son know that my story was the best they received during the quarter? Are they posterity? Are they the Verdict of History? Have they even the very doubtful qualification of being professional critics?

"I had better break this letter off lest I should be betrayed into expressing myself as strongly as I feel.

"I return the cheque. If you should see fit to use it for the purpose of erecting a tombstone to Messrs. P. F. Collier & Son, I shall be happy to contribute the epitaph in which I shall do my best to do justice to their monstrous presumption.

"Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) G. BERNARD SHAW."

Happy Mr. Shaw, at one stroke thus to disburthen your mind of its Olympian scorn and your purse of our unwelcome thousand. To what noble uses shall that non historic check be put? Shall it go toward the erection of a Shaw-Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford? Or for the foundation of the Shaw Chair of Advertising at Oxford? Or shall we lay it by against the day when our impatient readers clamor for more Shaw and we are compelled (with a reluctance only known to publishers) again to pay

"a special price to a special writer"? However, you must be right about "Aerial Football—The New Game." The awarding of that offensive thousand to your story was a mistake. It will not occur again. The responsible "readers" for that quarter were out of town, and the verdict lay with the



Sporting Editor, who happens to be a devotee of Football, a Vegetarian, a Socialist, a Misanthrope, a Misogynist, in short, a true disciple of the incomparable G. B. S. You will be glad to know that the young man has been discharged, and that a portion of that condemned "bonus" will be devoted to the support of his family and his own education in a correspondence school of advertising.



LIGHT YOUR STORE WINDOW AT NIGHT
and regulate your current with an
Anderson Electric Time Switch
Turns on and shuts off current at predetermined times, requiring no attention other than weekly winding. It is accurate, reliable and will give permanent satisfaction. Will pay for itself in saving of current cost in a few months.
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OF SOFT RUBBER
prevent loose-boards and furniture from scratched. If your dealer doesn't sell them send to us. 10 cents pair, two pairs 20 cents.
ELASTIC TIP CO., 370 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.
We Make Rubber Tips for Chairs, Crutches, etc.

AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES of every description. Lamps, Generators, Gas Tanks, Speedometers, Plugs, Coils, Batteries and, in fact, everything for a Motor Car at prices that no other house CAN compete with. Catalogue Free on request. Reference any Commercial Agency or any Buffalo Bank. Centaur Motor Co., 65 Franklin Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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asks the cautious man or woman. After the paint is on the house it is too late. The money, not only for the paint, but for the painter's labor, has been spent. Why not do as the big paint users do—railroads, contracting painters, factory owners, etc.—they test White Lead, which is the solid ingredient of all good house paint, before it is applied.

The paint ingredients (White Lead, Linseed Oil and coloring matter) should always be bought separately and mixed by the painter *fresh for each job*. The test for quality is then made before the paint is mixed. It is not a bit complicated; all one needs is a flame (candle, gas or spirit lamp) and a blowpipe to intensify the heat.

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**We will furnish the necessary
Blowpipe Free upon request**

If you wish to test paint. We are glad to have you test our White Lead. Would you dare to do this, if there were any doubt as to the purity of our product? Ask for Test Equipment Q. Address

FULL WEIGHT KEGS

The Dutch Boy Painter on a keg guarantees not only purity, but full weight of White Lead. Our packages are not weighed with the contents; each keg contains the amount of White Lead designated on the outside.

We dare to do this, if there were any doubt as to the purity of our product? Ask for Test Equipment Q. Address

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
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Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis,
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Pittsburgh (National Lead & Oil Co.)



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Amatite

There is no reason to use
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Nutty—Mealy—Whole

Don't serve Van Camp's unless you want to serve them always.

You can't go back to home-baked beans—broken and mushy—when your people once eat beans nutty and whole.

You can't serve tomato sauce as a mere dressing when they learn what it means to have the tomato sauce baked in.

No more beans that are heavy and hard to digest—baked at 100 degrees. For that is about the temperature inside of your baking dish. When your people once know, they will want their beans baked at 245 de-

grees, as ours are. They will want the particles so separated that the digestive juices can get to them.

No other brand will satisfy, after you once serve Van Camp's.

We pay \$2.10 per bushel to get the best beans grown. Yet beans are sold as low as 30 cents. We spend five times as much to make our tomato sauce as other sauce costs ready-made. But the difference all shows in the flavor and zest.

So don't let your folks know how good beans can be until you are ready to always serve Van Camp's.

Van Camp's pork and beans baked with tomato sauce

But why not serve Van Camp's? There is no brand worth having that costs any less. And the best beans are cheap enough.

As for home-baking—think of the bother. Van Camp's are always ready. A dozen cans in the pantry mean a dozen meals all cooked. The meals, whenever you serve them, are just as fresh and as savory as if served direct from our ovens.

Beans are Nature's choicest food—84 per cent nutriment.

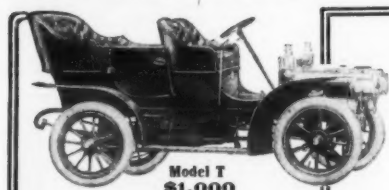
They have the food value of meat at a fraction of the cost.

They should be a daily dish—not an occasional. And see what you would save if they were.

Then why not serve beans that your people will like, and serve them in place of meat?

Prices: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

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This is not an empty claim. It is a fact borne out by the experiences of 16,000 users all over the world. Many of these have owned their Cadillacs for five years, have driven their cars 60,000 miles or more and are still using them.

No Cadillac, so far as we know, has ever been discarded because worn out or unfit for further service. If you want

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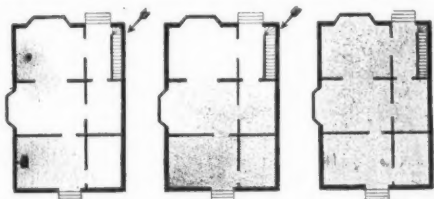
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DEPT. 31

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

CHICAGO



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BLACK MOTOR BUGGY

Built for country roads, hills and mud. Engine—10 H. P., 2 cylinders, air cooled, chain drive rear wheels, double track. Speed 2 to 25 mi. per hr.—30 miles on 1 gal. of gasoline. Highest quality finish, workmanship and materials. Absolutely safe and reliable. Write for Book No. A-66.
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The growing popularity of "Chrome Tanned Glazed Kid" for women's shoes is increased as fast as women try them and find how much more comfortable, stylish and healthy they are than those made of any other leather.

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1
"Away from the city's noise and dirt. Think, Mary, of the starry nights and calm days—of the bees and the flowers."



2
They find a decrepit house on a Connecticut hillside.
"Oh, Phil, isn't it awfully tumbled-down and beautiful?"

ROLLIN KIRBY
06



3
Phil makes his own repairs.
Mary: "Look out, Phil, the roof's coming down."



4
"Phil, there's a spring developed in the cellar."



6
"Oh, Lord, Mary, isn't this lonesome?"



5
A leak in the roof.



7
The return to civilization.

A SPRING IDYL

By ROLLIN KIRBY

"How two clever people converted a pre-Revolutionary cow stable into a charming summer home at a cost of \$21.30." This heading in a magazine devoted to the bucolic life so worked on the imaginations of Phil and Mary that they decided to do as the magazine geniuses had done



Collier's

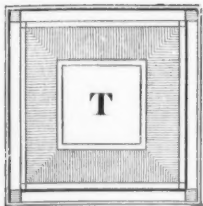
The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street
NEW YORK

April 25, 1908

This is an Essay



THE SENSE OF HUMOR is sometimes overrated. Look up SYDNEY SMITH, that master of the gift, and you will find him pointing out not only what it adds in pleasure to our lives, but what limitations it frequently causes in the possessor. Look up GOETHE, whose many-sided mind included the wit of Mephistopheles, and you will find this faculty treated with even less approval. ADDISON'S "Spectator" No. 35 will serve as further reference. Unlike these brilliant minds, however, the usual person will boast of nothing so willingly as of his humorous endowment. He will not tell you he has a rich and constant sensibility to the beautiful, a golden heart, a Greek profile, or an intellect of power; but he will, with no blush or trace of hesitation, allege that his appreciation of the humorous is with him always. Moreover, the idea is prevalent that the more things one laughs at the greater is his comic sense; as if the deepest feeling for beauty were his who falls into raptures over every sofa-cushion and tulip-bed, over the house of ex-Senator CLARK and the pictures on the signboards. The most difficult writing to procure, next to what is beautiful, is what is funny. That is why we welcome TOGO with enthusiasm, and wish we could annex Dooley and Mark Twain. Take Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S letter in this issue as example. We are glad to print it for a certain sure-footed jocosity, a determined perversity, popular with American newspapers and their readers, and therefore a paying sort of material for us to carry. But, of course, it is not humor. Mr. SHAW will agree with us that nothing is humor which is made upon an obvious, mechanical, and expected pattern. Falling into summary, like BACON, we conclude: our most stupid readers, if we have any, will see nothing in the letter; a more intelligent class, who are the majority, will welcome it with laughter; and the most intelligent of all (perhaps some eight or ten) will take it with that amiable tolerance which it deserves.

We Explain Further

SO KEEN IS THE INTEREST everywhere in the topic of vivisection that conflicting points of view come to us daily from widely separated States. As some of the vivisectionists object to our more frivolous answers, we shall endeavor to be earnest throughout this editorial. We answered "Life" last week in the spirit which arose spontaneously on reading its absurdities—its belief "that nine-tenths of the experiments on animals are made for class demonstration, or for 'verification,' or because the 'scientist' enjoys it." To even so grotesque a statement, however, we are willing to give an answer seriously. There is, of course, no possible way in which an estimate can be made of the percentage of experiments used for class demonstration and for "verification." The class-demonstration experiments are confined to colleges, mainly medical colleges. In such large institutions as the Rockefeller Institute and the New York Board of Health, where very large numbers of animals are employed, none of them are used for class demonstration. As to the friendly but insane weekly's further statement, "that eminent members of the medical profession have repeatedly stated that no practical benefits to humanity have resulted from vivisection," it is true that a few really eminent members have taken that position. Nearly all of them received their training in the early days before animal experimentation became common, and they knew nothing of their subject. Most of them are in their graves, but their words are still giving joy to the anti-science people and to warm-hearted but innocent weekly publications. Sir LAWSON TAIT, often quoted, but now dead, was, in his day, a prominent English surgeon and authority on women's diseases who obtained his training largely by ruthless experimentation upon women instead of upon animals; and indeed there is no other escape: physicians must learn by experience, and that experience will be obtained either from animals or from children, women, and men. Another "eminent member" often quoted is Dr. HENRY J. BIGELOW, formerly professor of surgery at the Harvard Medical School. He, of course, also died years ago and obtained his training long before the advent of modern methods. We know of no "eminent members of the medical profession," active at the present time, and acquainted with modern science and medicine, who justify the absurd statement of our amiable and not infrequently amusing contemporary.

It Might Have Been

NEXT SUMMER'S CONTEST is likely to take the appearance of a procession. Unfortunately, personalities are powerful among the Democrats. The Donkey has more loyalty and enthusiasm than he has sense. This year would give him a great opportunity if he were guided by rational considerations. Ex-Governor DOUGLAS, the only Democrat since RUSSELL who has carried Massachusetts, would, if he were nominated either for President or Vice-President, give the Republican stand-patters something to consider. Discussing schedules, he would furnish the tariff party with material for reflection during the watches of the stilly night. He would help the people at large, as he helped those of Massachusetts, to understand what it costs the common people to have a Senate, controlled by business, blocking every possibility of reciprocity with Canada. Governor JOHNSON of Minnesota probably lacks Mr. DOUGLAS'S exceptional grasp of tariff details, but he understands the general principles, and he is a bold, candid, and clear-headed campaigner. Two such men would give to the trust-ridden Republicans a lively and wholesome summer's exercise.

Valor

COME, MUSE, and sing: of HEFLIN, of DAVIS, and of CLARK. When we told the mighty deeds of WILLIAMS and LE ARMOND, and urged them to scratch and bite and spit until honor was upheld, we had small hope of so grand a crop of emulation. Guns, fists, feet, and teeth spring ready, at a moment's impulse, to prove American manhood still alert in Washington. "Which," asks one of our readers, "is dearer to a gentleman, his name and honor, or his body?" Although not gentlemen ourselves, we answer firmly that the business of a man of honor is to shoot beings who disagree with him, unless scratching and punching will suffice. Our correspondent wishes to know what we should do ourselves "when insulted, traduced, maligned, swept by the deadly blight of slander." It is a horrid confession, but we should take it calmly. Our craven heart is not ashamed when a man calls us liar, drunkard, coward. It is not what some gentleman chooses to predicate of us that makes us grieve, so much as what in truth we are.

Sequel to Above

COURAGE IS IN NO DANGER of dying out from absence of occasions to call it forth. Nor do we here refer to moral courage—to the myriad occasions when disease and poverty can be faced in performance of duty and the right. We refer to the purely physical brand of courage. Only a few of us are wrecked at sea, but who has not seen a horse running away, with some one on his back or in a buggy, without doing everything that might be done to seize him by the bridle? Who has not watched a fire without taking useful chances that lay open to the exercise of his courage? The boy who, as catcher for the first time, attempts to take the baseball "off the bat," uses more courage than when he is taught by the older boys to fight about a chip upon his shoulder or about some foolish speech. From games to burglaries, life is fertile in opportunities to exhibit courage, even of the most primitive variety, to say nothing of any other kind. Those who defend our Congressmen in their brawling and shooting require some other argument than the one drawn from the need of such a code of honor to keep our courage trained. We might become accustomed to making honor of some use, by having it depend on steadfastness in right conduct or on courage and self-sacrifice for the public good.

The Weaker Saloons

A SMALL PERCENTAGE OF BREWERS treat their dealers with consideration and safeguard the interests of the public. Many of the brewers have been wilfully careless in increasing their sales without purifying the channels of exploitation. Some have taken every advantage of their retailers, striking them down with bill after bill after they had once nailed them with mortgage and beer debts. Unfortunately, it is, in large part, the obnoxious minority of brewers who handle the smaller saloons in the crowded sections of town. The high-grade business café, sealed like a tomb on Sunday, with no deplorable annexes, has never menaced the community. The small dealer is apt to fall into the hands of the less scrupulous brewer, and the smaller the dealer the more he has to pay for his beer. The man selling three

kegs a week receives a very small percentage off the regular price, 5 per cent and 10 per cent. The man selling twenty kegs a week receives a good percentage off—20 per cent, 30 per cent, sometimes 50 per cent. As a result, the little places, in order to live, have to "fix" the drinks, or else run a back room, or cellar, or upstairs parlor; and also a set of bedrooms. These little men are the ones that are in the crowded residence sections. They are closest to the working men and to the industrial population, and, therefore, they have the widest influence over the home population of the city. Some brewers are still slightly flippant and humorous toward the demand that the saloon evils be reduced. It will richly pay them to stifle their sense of the ludicrous, and do some planning swiftly.

Talk

CHICAGO IS THE COMEDY-RELIEF—a comedy of illogic—to the serious anti-saloon fight. The people of that city, naturally liberal in their tendencies, do not wish the saloons closed on Sunday; the reformers, against the will of the majority, wish them closed; wherefore these reformers have raked up an Illinois State law almost forgotten. When rebuked, they answer: "It is the law." But when urged to countenance the amendment of the law, so that Chicago's citizens may express their individual desires on Sunday closing, they respond: "You have already a law on the State statute books." The liberals, clustered about Mayor BUSSE, say airily: "We don't give a — if it is the law; the people don't want it; we won't enforce it; and what are you going to do about it?" A philosopher of Chicago, regarding the fight from the grand stand, has remarked: "If either side would only keep its mouth shut, it would win hands down. On Monday the Liberty League gets out a poster—and loses five thousand votes. Fine for the dries on Tuesday. But on Wednesday they send a communication to the press, and lose six thousand. If I took a job managing either end of this campaign, I'd start with a requisition for five hundred gags!"

Not Easy

CHICAGO, which probably does not want the saloons closed even on Sunday, and rural Illinois, which showed pretty clearly in the late elections that it wanted the saloons closed every day, have run against one of the cruxes in the saloon problem. How large, in justice, should we make the unit of control? There is Alabama, for example. The State has voted dry by an overwhelming majority. Mobile, the metropolis, differs from the rest of the State in feeling and in character of population; and Mobile no more desires prohibition than New York desires it. Yet the law, State-wide, will go into effect on the 1st of January; and the rustic of Lee County will dictate in manners and morals to the cosmopolite of Mobile. Prohibition will prohibit and does prohibit in rural Alabama; but no one expects that the law, in the face of popular hostility, will be more than half successful in Mobile. It seems an absolute injustice on the face of it. The prohibitionist has his answer ready. "Leave Mobile wet," he says, "and you leave a festering spot to corrupt the rest of the State. From Mobile the jug-houses and wholesale stores would ship their poison to the rural districts; from Mobile the bootleggers would draw their supplies. We must dry up Mobile to protect Alabama." There you have both sides. How large should the unit be? This is one of the toughest questions the future has to face.

The Bottom of It

YOU WILL REMEMBER, careful reader, how Senator DEPEW observed that people imagine legislators studying opinion among their constituents, while they really seek opinion in the boss's corner. You have recently seen a New York Senator change his vote on the racing bills, at the orders of a boss, and you have seen the Governor, thoroughly backed by the public, beaten by the same element that kept KELSEY in office in spite of the Governor and of public clamor. Such happenings seem incredible, and yet, although not party questions, they are but the indirect result of party loyalty. They are the result of allowing local government to be conducted by a set of men who represent nothing but the machine and the boss of the machine. Here is an incident that might have been expected from the invention of a satirist. Having known the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat" and its standards from our early childhood, we took an airy fall from it as follows: "It is as natural for us to object to Senator STONE as it is for the 'Globe-Democrat' to like him." We left our meaning to the intelligence of the reader, and here is what was turned up by the intelligence of the "Post" of Hannibal, Missouri. It said that we had "taken it for granted that the 'Globe-Democrat,' simply because of its name, is a Democratic newspaper." Here is a human being, judged to be capable of editing a Missouri paper, whose brain, innocently, and in good faith, makes the assumption that, because we oppose a certain Democratic Senator, it follows that we ourselves are Republican, and likewise that when we describe a paper as harboring ideals opposed to ours, we must mean that it wears a different party emblem!

"The right to be a cussed fool
Is safe from all devices human!"

It is often difficult to bear in mind that thousands of brains work

like mechanical toys; and on the prevalence of those brains rest the State and city boss, the power of Jo-Uncle, and the myriad happenings which astound the reformer and divert the philosophic mind. This subject is rather tiresome to the majority, but so essential that it is difficult to discuss American public affairs without laying stress upon it. The interest of the public in understanding real conditions grows greater every day, and possibly it may sometime be as keen as the fervor for clear thought which distinguishes the group of men who labor for this weekly.

Who Shall Decide?

THE POWER TO APPLY general principles to specific cases must rest somewhere. That the anti-trust act needs amendment nobody will deny. The question underlying all others is this: would the American people rather trust the courts, in the long run, to apply the statutes and the common law, or does it wish to turn over this function to the Executive? The courts are often slow. They are conservative, and should be remote from passions of the moment. The executive department is inevitably in politics, anxious to please from month to month, and likely to be interested and rash. Is the division of power, established when America was led by WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN, by JEFFERSON and HAMILTON, by MADISON and MARSHALL, likely to be overthrown by an impatience which would trust all of our most vital interests to the party government at Washington?

Modest Yearnings

THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO, never separated from the public domain, was, on January 11, 1908, erected into a national monument by the President's proclamation, to keep it from unrestrained use by a trolley company. But such a little thing discourages no healthy special-advantage corporation; wherefore Secretary of the Interior GARFIELD is being persistently urged to permit the trolley company to do as it likes. Mr. GARFIELD has also before him a proposition under which the city of San Francisco seeks to invade the Yosemite National Park by damming the Hetch-Hetchy Valley as a reservoir for its water supply. Other water supplies of equal or greater purity are available, but San Francisco insists that it would cost her less money to use the Hetch-Hetchy! Will this new municipal form of assault upon the general property have more weight with Secretary GARFIELD than with his predecessor, the sometimes lamented HITCHCOCK, who refused the same application, December 22, 1903?

Easy for Greene

THE VARIOUS PATRIOTS who wish Niagara to increase their private incomes are keeping their schemes in a handy shape, both in Congress and in the New York Legislature. General GREENE's Ontario Power Company, finding that the Burton bill provides resistance to the sale of most of its Canadian-made Horseshoe Fall power in the United States, picks up an interesting charter granted by the State of New York in the days when nothing was refused to the insistent asker; wherefore the Lower Niagara River Water Power and Irrigation Company seeks in Congress permission to abstract forty thousand cubic feet per second from the Whirlpool Rapids, and this is about twenty per cent of their low-water volume. Along comes also Congressman PORTER, who is sure his Burton bill amendment, permitting the Niagara Gorge Railway Company to take an additional twenty per cent from the whirl of the same rapids, would do no harm. General GREENE is prominent in both companies.

How We Make Our Own Drugs

EVER SINCE THE RESEARCHES OF PAVLOFF it has been known that not only are the gastric juice and the intestinal or pancreatic juice poured out in advance of the food, as soon as the latter is taken into the mouth, but that the *strength* and *kind* of digestive juice *varies with the kind of food*. So constant is this correspondence, and so wide the difference, that we now actually speak of "bread" juice, "meat" juice, and "milk" digestive juice. Each food stimulates the flow of its own particular class of juice, just as it needs it. That the kind of juice called for varies according to the food helps to explain why certain foods will not mix well. Milk, for instance, has long had a bad reputation, as not readily digestible when taken with other food, particularly with meats and fruit acids, because the gastric juice called for by milk is the most "different" of all the juices, and will not work well in combination. Milk digests much better when taken alone, or with only moderate amounts of bread, cereals, or other starches. Then came the question: What is the mechanism of this signaling by the food to the digestive gland farther down the line? It was naturally at first supposed that the message was carried through the nervous system, as PAVLOFF had shown to be the case with his now famous "appetite juice," which was started flowing, not merely by the eating of food, but by the smell and the sight of it—or even by reading the cook-book. But finally it was shown by experiment that the nerve paths between the mouth and stomach could be entirely blocked without stopping this responsive flow of juice. Obviously the only path of communication that was left was the circulation. And by a brilliant series of experimental studies STARLING

and BAYLISS not merely showed that this message was carried through the blood, but were able partially to isolate the substances which, absorbed into the blood from the food, would "run ahead" and tell what was coming. These they named *hormones*, from the Greek verb *horao*, "to stir up."

Curing Ourselves

THE MOST SINGULAR part of the whole process is that these bodies are not mere accidental parts of the food, or products of its digestion, but definite chemical substances, which can be isolated from the blood of one animal and injected into the body of another, and will promptly cause a flow of digestive juice. They do not, like a toxin or living poison, set up any antitoxic reaction on the part of the body, and a dose that will produce a given effect one day will produce an almost identical effect on the next, although

if given for a considerable length of time a trifling increase in the dosage is necessary. They have the same curious special or selective effect upon some particular organ or system of the body, as, for instance, morphine has upon the central nervous system, digitalis upon the heart, and Epsom salts upon the intestines. This opens a wide and hopeful vista of possibilities, that, by continued and patient studies, we may yet be able to isolate from our foods and from the body tissues themselves these special substances, Nature's own curatives, with which may be harmlessly and effectively roused to action such bodily organs or functions as may be sluggish or overwhelmed. This is in harmony with the strong tendency among progressive and thoughtful physicians to utilize more and more in the treatment of disease foods and substances and extracts derived from the glands and other organs of the body itself. We may be found to carry within us the best remedies for our own diseases.

Letters to the Family

By RUDYARD KIPLING

"The Wonderful Years To Be"

The seventh of a new series of travel articles describing the author's impressions and experiences during his recent visit to Canada and the British Northwest

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ENTERED 1908 ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT BY THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA AT THE OFFICE OF THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE

WHEN the Great Ark, in Vigo Bay
Rode stately through the half-manned fleet,
From every ship about her way
She heard the mariners entreat—
"Before we take the seas again
Let down your boats and send us men!"

"WE have no lack of victual here
With work—God knows!—enough for all,
To hand and reef and watch and steer,
Because our present strength is small;
While your three decks are crowded so
Your crews can scarcely stand or go!"

"IN war, your numbers only raise
Confusion and divided will;
In storm, the mindless deep obeys
Not multitudes but single skill;
In calm, your numbers, closely pressed,
Must breed a mutiny or pest."

"WE, even on unchallenged seas,
Dare not adventure where we would;
But forfeit brave advantages
For lack of men, to make 'em good;
Whereby to England's double cost,
Honor and profit both are lost."

angry elephant kneels, but it did not get up again, and the half of that camp was no more seen on earth. The other half still stands—uninhabited. The heathen "in his blindness" would have made arrangements with the Genius of the Place before he ever drove a pick there. As a learned scholar of a little known university once observed to an Engineer officer on the Himalaya-Tibet Road: "You white men gain nothing by not noticing what you can not see. You fall off the road, or the road falls on you, and you die, and you think it all an accident. How much wiser it was when we were allowed to sacrifice a man officially, sir, before making bridges or other public works. Then the local gods were officially recognized, sir, and did not give any more trouble, and the local workmen, sir, were much pleased with these precautions."

THERE are many local gods on the road through the Rockies: old bald mountains that have parted with every shred of verdure and stand wrapped in sheets of wrinkled silver rock, over which the sight travels slowly as in delirium; mad, horned mountains wreathed with dancing mists; low-browed and bent-shouldered fakirs of the wayside, sitting in meditation beneath a burden of glacier-ice that thickens every year; and mountains of fair aspect on one side, but on the other seamed with hollow sunless clefts, where last year's snow is blackened with this year's dirt and smoke of forest-fires. The drip from it seeps away through slopes of unstable gravel and dirt, till, at the appointed season, the whole half-mile of undermined talus slips and roars into the horrified valley.

The railway winds in and out among them with little inexplicable deviations and side twists, much as a buck walks through a forest glade, sidling and crossing uneasily in what appears to be a plain path. Only when

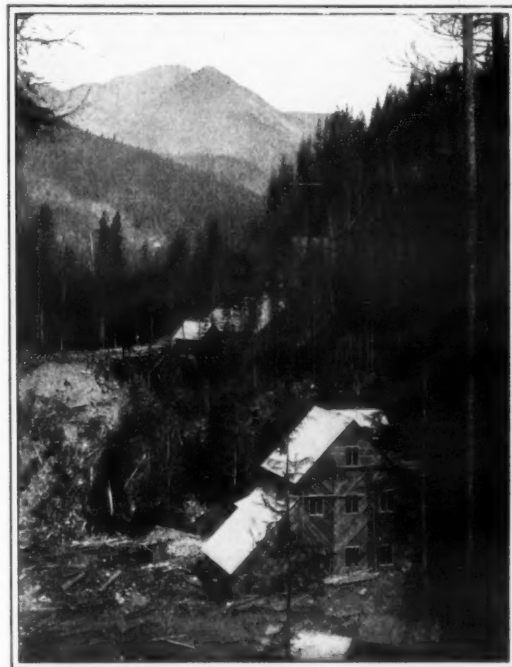
the track has rounded another shoulder or two, a backward and upward glance at

some menacing slope shows why the track did not take the easier-looking road on the other side of the gorge.

From time to time the mountains lean apart, and nurse between them some golden valley of slow streams, fat pastures, and park-like uplands, with a little town and cow bells tinkling among berry bushes; and children who have never seen the sun rise or set shouting at the trains; and real gardens round the houses.

At Calgary it was a frost, and the dahlias were dead. A day later nasturtiums bloomed untouched beside the station platforms, and the air was heavy and liquid with the breath of the Pacific. One felt the spirit of the land change with the changing outline of the hills till, on the lower levels by the Fraser, it seemed that even the Sussex Downs must be nearer at heart to the Prairie than British Columbia. The Prairie people notice the difference, and the Hill people, unwisely I think, insist on it. Perhaps the magic may lie in the scent of strange evergreens and mosses not known outside the ranges; or it may strike from wall to wall of timeless rifts and gorges, but it seemed to me to draw out of the great sea that washes further Asia—the Asia of allied mountains, mines, and forests.

We rested one day, high up in the Rockies, to visit a lake carved out of pure jade, whose property is to



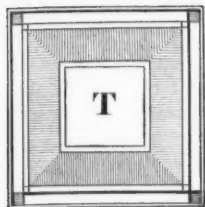
"They mine into the flanks of some of them, and trust to modern science to pull them through"

color every reflection on its bosom to its own tint. A belt of brown dead timber on a gravel scar showed, upside down, like sombre cypresses rising from green turf, and the reflected snows were pale green. In summer many tourists go there, but we saw nothing except the wonder-working lake lying mute in its circle of forest, where red and orange lichens grew among gray and blue moss, and we heard nothing except the noise of its outfall hurrying through a jam of bone-white logs. The thing might have belonged to Tibet or some unexplored valley behind Kinchinjunga. It had no concern with the new West.

As we drove along the narrow hill road a piebald pack-pony with a china-blue eye came round a bend, followed by two women, black-haired, bareheaded, wearing headwork squaw-jackets, and riding straddle. A string of pack-ponies trotted through the pines behind them.

"Indians on the move?" said I. "How characteristic!"

As the women jolted by, one of them very slightly turned her eyes, and they were, past any doubt, the comprehending equal eyes of the civilized white woman which moved in that berry-brown face!

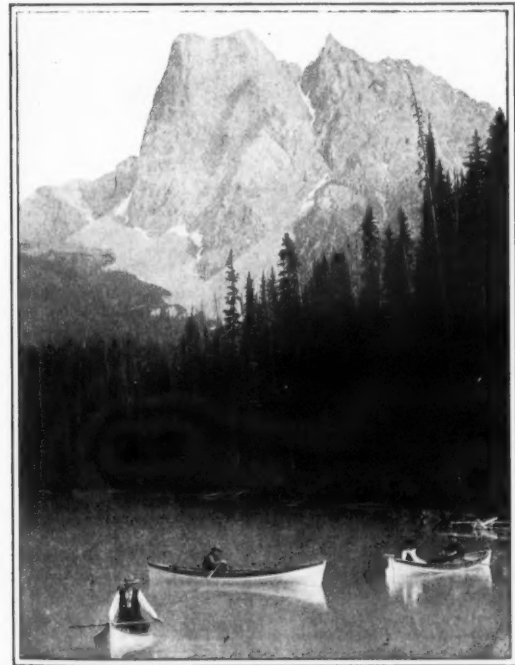


THE Prairie proper ends at Calgary, among the cattle ranches, mills, breweries, and three million acre irrigation-works. The river that floats timber to the town from the mountains does not slide nor rustle like prairie rivers, but brawls across bars of blue pebbles, and a greenish tinge in its water hints of the snows.

What I saw of Calgary was crowded into one lively half-hour (motors were invented to run about new cities). What I heard I picked up, oddly enough, months later, from a young Dane in the North Sea. He was quabish, but his Saga of triumph upheld him.

"Three years ago I come to Canada by steerage—third class. And I have the language to learn. Look at me! I have now my own dairy business in Calgary, and—look at me!—my own half section, that is, three hundred and twenty acres, all my land which is mine. And now I come home, first class, for Christmas here in Denmark, and I shall take out back with me some friends of mine which are farmers, to farm on those irrigated lands near by Calgary. Oh, I tell you there is nothing wrong with Canada for a man which works."

"And will your friends go?" I inquired.



"These mountains are only ten days from London, and people more and more use them for pleasure-grounds"

"You bet they will. It is all arranged already. I bet they get ready to go now already; and in three years they will come back for Christmas here in Denmark, first class like me."

"Then you think Calgary is going ahead?"

"You bet! We are only at the beginning of things. Look at me! Chickens? I raise chickens also in Calgary," etc., etc.

After all this pageant of unrelieved material prosperity, it was a rest to get to the stillness of the big foothills, though they, too, had been inspanned for the work of civilization. The timber off their sides was ducking and pitch-poled down their swift streams, to be sawn into house stuff for all the world. The woodwork of a purely English villa may come from as many Imperial sources as its owner's income.

The train crept, whistling to keep its heart up, through the winding gateways of the hills, till it presented itself, very humbly, before the true mountains, the not so Little Brothers to the Himalayas. Mountains of the pine-cloaked, snow-capped breed are unchristian things.

They mine into the flanks of some of them, and trust to modern science to pull them through. Not long ago, a mountain kneeled on a little mining village as an

"Yes," said our driver, when the cavalcade had navigated the next curve, "that'll be Mrs. So-and-So and Miss So-and-So. They mostly camp hereabout for three months every year. I reckon they're coming in to the railroad before snow falls."

"And whereabouts do they go?" I asked.

"Oh, all about anywhere. If you mean where they come from just now—that's the trail yonder."

He pointed to a hair-crack across the face of a mountain, and I took his word for it that it was a safe pony-trail. The same evening at a hotel of all the luxuries, a slight woman in a very pretty evening frock was turning over photographs, and the eyes beneath the strictly arranged hair were the eyes of the woman in

Cities, like women, can not be too careful what sort of men they allow to talk about them.

Time had changed Vancouver literally out of all knowledge. From the station to the suburbs, and back to the wharfs, every step was strange, and where I remember open spaces and still untouched timber, the tramcars were fleeting people out to a lacrosse game. Vancouver is an aged city, for only a few days previous to my arrival the Vancouver Baby—i. e., the first child born in Vancouver—had been married.

A steamer—once familiar in Table Bay—had landed a few hundred Sikhs and Punjabi jats—to each man his bundle—and the little groups walked uneasily alone, keeping, for many of them had been soldiers, to the

many of them wearing their old uniforms (which should not be allowed), were talking at the tops of their voices, so that the shed rang like an Indian railway station. A suggestion that if they spoke lower life would be easier was instantly adopted. Then a senior officer with a British India medal asked hopefully: "Has the Sahib any orders where we are to go?"

Alas, he had none—nothing but good-will and greetings for the sons of the Khalsa, and they tramped off in fours.

It is said that when the little riot broke out in Vancouver these "heathen" were invited by other Asiatics to join in defending themselves against the white man. They refused on the ground that they were subjects of the King. I wonder what tales they sent back to their villages, and where, and how fully, every detail of the affair was talked over. White men forget that no part of the Empire can live or die to itself.

HERE is a rather comic illustration of this on the material side. The wonderful waters between Vancouver and Victoria are full of whales, leaping and rejoicing in the strong blue all about the steamer. There is, therefore, a whalery on an island near by, and I had the luck to travel with one of the shareholders. "Whales are beautiful beasts," he said affectionately. "We've a contract with a Scotch firm for every barrel we can deliver for years ahead. It's reckoned the best for harness-dressing."

He went on to tell me how a swift ship goes hunting whales with a bomb-gun and explodes shells in their insides so that they perish at once.

"All the old harpoon and boat business would take till the cows come home. We kill 'em right off."

"And how d'you strip 'em?"

It seemed that that expeditionary ship carried also a large air-pump, and pumped up the carcass to float roundly till she could attend to it. At the end of her day's kill she would return, towing sometimes as many as four inflated whales to the whalery, which is a factory full of modern appliances. The whales are hauled up inclined planes like logs to a sawmill, and as much of them as will not make oil for the Scotch leather-dresser, or can not be dried for the Japanese market, is converted into potent manure.

"No manure can touch ours," said the shareholder. "It's so rich in bone, d'you see. The only thing that has beat us up to date is their hides; but we've fixed up a patent process now for turning 'em into floor-cloth. Yes, they're beautiful beasts. That fellow," he pointed to a black lump in a wreath of spray, "would cut up a miracle."

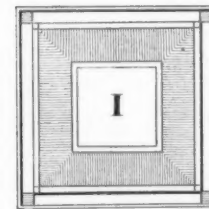
"If you go on like this you won't have any whales left," I said.

"That is so. But the concern pays thirty per cent, and—a few years back, no one believed in it."

I forgave him everything for the last sentence.

Governor Johnson in Washington

The Good Impression Made by the Governor of Minnesota



IN THAT subtle faculty which binds others, which arouses enthusiasms, and breeds loyalties, often blind and unquestioning, John A. Johnson, Governor of Minnesota, is happily endowed. Personal magnetism is a term used often to characterize this faculty, or trait, or fortunate combination of many traits and faculties. Whatever it is, Johnson is its possessor.

He came to Washington not long ago, and when he left he could have had the city's keys for a watch-charm. He was met by everybody, and everybody was considerably more than pleased.

The passive form is used intentionally. For in a way he was in the passive attitude of a possible Presidential candidate being looked over by the men who run the Democratic Party. He came to attend a dinner of the Gridiron Club, but arrived several days before the dinner, and included in the visit an appearance before the convention of deep-waterway promoters, where he made a speech which was listened to by a number of gentlemen who cared not a fig for deep waterways, but were studying him in action. Later he spoke at the Gridiron dinner, and those who heard him say it was the only speech of the night.

Southern Democrats seemed particularly interested in this Minnesota Governor. James K. Jones, who managed the Bryan campaigns, had him in his office for an hour. Senators Daniel, Culberson, Clay, and Bacon, and Representatives Williams and Gaines, with many more, had talks with him. And even Mr. Bryan, who chanced to be in town, hooked arms with Johnson and took him for a walk.

Those seeking introductions went to Congressman Fred C. Stevens (Republican) of St. Paul, and the latter was soon so busy showing off the Governor of his State that he was rallied by a fellow member.

"How can you afford," this member asked, "to be taking all this pains to boom the game of a man who may be the Democratic nominee?"

"I'll tell you," Stevens answered promptly. "And I'll tell you true. I don't give a cuss. I'm proud of him. I never introduce him to a man that I'm not glad I introduced him; and when I get through my only regret will be that I don't know some more big men to introduce him to. Help him to the Democratic nomination? I certainly wish I could. I'd work all my waking hours



"Wooded coasts, stretches of beach, and dingles, laid down as expressly for camp-life, picnics, and boating parties, beneath skies never too hot and rarely too cold. . . . Were I rich, with no attachments outside England, I would swiftly buy me a farm or a house in that country for the mere joy of it"

the beadwork jacket who had quirted the piebald pack-pony past our buggy.

Praised be Allah for the diversity of His creatures! But do you know any other country where two women could go out for a three months' trek and shoot in perfect comfort and safety?

These mountains are only ten days from London, and people more and more use them for pleasure-grounds. Other and most unthought-of persons buy little fruit-farms in British Columbia as an excuse for a yearly visit to the beautiful land, and they tempt yet other people from England. This is apart from the regular tide of emigration, and serves to make the land known. If you asked a State-owned railway to gamble on the chance of drawing tourists, the Commissioner of Railways would prove to you that the experiment could never succeed, and that it was wrong to risk the taxpayers' money in erecting first-class hotels. Yet South Africa could even still be made a tourists' place—if only the railroads and steamship lines had faith.

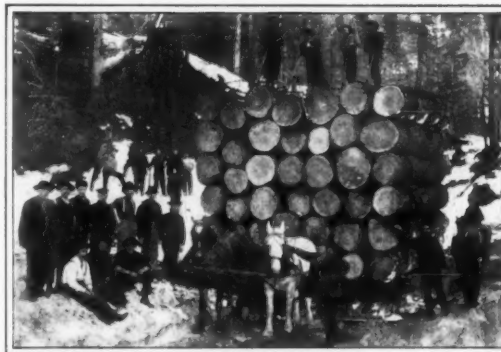
On thinking things over I suspect I was not intended to appreciate the merits of British Columbia too highly. Maybe I misjudged; maybe she was purposely misrepresented; but I seemed to hear more about "problems" and "crises" and "situations" in her borders than anywhere else. So far as eye or ear could gather, the one urgent problem was to find enough men and women to do the work in hand.

LUMBER, coal, minerals, fisheries, fit soil for fruit, dairy, and poultry-farms are all there in a superb climate. The natural beauty of earth and sky match these lavish gifts, to which are added thousands of miles of safe and sheltered waterways for coastal trade; deep harbors that need no dredge; the groundworks of immense and ice-free ports—all the title deeds to half the trade of Asia. For the peoples' pleasure and good sport, salmon, trout, quail, and pleasant play in front of and through the suburbs of her capitals. A little ax-work and road metaling gives a city one of the loveliest water-girt parks that we have outside the tropics. Another town is presented with a hundred islands, knolls, wooded coasts, stretches of beach, and dingles, laid down as expressly for camp-life, picnics, and boating parties, beneath skies never too hot and rarely too cold. If they care to lift up their eyes from their almost subtropical gardens they can behold snowy peaks across blue bays, which must be good for the soul. Though they face a sea out of which any portent may arise, they are not forced to protect or even to police its waters. They are as ignorant of drouth, murrain, pestilence, locusts, and blight as they are of the true meaning of want and fear.

Such a land is good for an energetic man. It is also not so bad for the loafer. I was, as I have told you, instructed on its drawbacks. I was to understand that there was no certainty in any employment, and that a man who earned immense wages for six months of the year would have to be kept by the community if he fell out of work for the other six. I was not to be deceived by golden pictures set before me by interested parties (that is to say, almost every one I met), and I was to give due weight to the difficulties and discouragements that beset the intending immigrant. Were I an intending immigrant I would risk a good deal of discomfort to get on to the land in British Columbia; and were I rich, with no attachments outside England, I would swiftly buy me a farm or a house in that country for the mere joy of it.

I forgot those doleful and unhumorous conspirators among people who fervently believed in the place, but, afterward, the memory left a bad taste in my mouth.

military step. Yes, they said they had come to this country to get work. News had reached their villages that work at great wages was to be had in this country. Their brethren who had gone before had sent them the news. Yes, and sometimes the money for the passage out. The money would be paid back from the so-great wages to come. With interest? Assuredly with interest. Did men lend money for nothing in any country? They were waiting for their brethren to come and show them where to eat, and later, how to work. Meanwhile, this was a new country. How could they say anything about it? No, it was not like Gurgaon or Shahpur or Jullundur. The sickness (plague) had come to all those places. It had come into the Punjab by every road, and many—many—many had died. The crops, too, had failed in some districts. Hearing the news



"The woodwork of a purely English villa may come from as many Imperial sources as its owner's income"

about these so-great wages, they had taken ship for the belly's sake—for the money's sake—for the children's sake.

"Would they go back again?"

They grinned as they nudged each other. The Sahib had not quite understood. They had come over for the sake of the money—the rupees, no, the dollars. The Punjab was their home where their villages lay, where their people were waiting. Without doubt—without doubt—they would go back. Then came the brethren already working in the mills—cosmopolitans dressed in ready-made clothes, and smoking cigarettes.

"This way, oh you people," they cried. The bundles were reshouldered and the turbaned knots melted away. The last words I caught were true Sikh talk: "But what about the money, oh my brother?"

Some Punjabis have found out that money can be too dearly bought.

There was a Sikh in a sawmill, had been driver in a mountain battery at home. Himself he was from Amritsar. (Oh, pleasant as cold water in a thirsty land is the sound of a familiar name in a far country!)

"But you had your pension. Why did you come here?"

"Heaven-born, because my sense was little. And there was also the Sickness at Amritsar."

(The historian a hundred years hence will be able to write a book on economic changes brought about by pestilence. There is a very interesting study somewhere of the social and commercial effects of the Black Death in England.)

In a wharf, waiting for a steamer, some thirty Sikhs,

if I could get the Democratic nomination for John Johnson. And that is regardless of whether I'd vote for him."

He mixes well—not in the sense or the way that the professional mixer does, who goes about with his pockets full of cheap cigars, slapping the reporter on the back, and asking everybody what he'll have. Not that at all. But he mixes in the way that any man will mix who seemingly is without any handicap of self-consciousness, and who has a genuine interest in other people and in their affairs.

The day before Johnson left Washington he was discovered with a newspaper friend, with his legs coiled about the stool of a quick-lunch counter in F Street. He was consuming a four-story wedge of pumpkin pie, and taking an unfeigned delight in watching the mixed crowd of men and women who frequent the place. It was different from Minnesota, and he was interested. He preferred it to the Willard, and he had no false pride as to the requirements of his dignity or his office.

As the Governor ended his luncheon he met Allen Albert, one of the editors of the Washington "Times." That young man was primed with questions.

But before the visitor would answer he had some questions of his own to ask. "Mr. Albert," he interposed, "I want you to talk to me first. Washington surely has its problems to solve, like Chicago or New York. What are they?"

In two sentences he was let into the capital's chief difficulty—its alley slums and their contaminating effect on the higher standard of life which prevail all about and unconscious of them. Hardly more than two sentences had been spoken when Johnson asked:

"Are there any of those alleys within a mile of here?"

"Fifty."

"Will you take me to two or three?"

Off he took the truck to M Street Alley, Goat Alley,

Willow Tree Alley, O Street Alley, Snow's Court, and half a dozen others of the 300 segregated settlements which harbor in squalor and disease not less than 20,000 of Washington's 100,000 blacks. A less resolute man would have drawn back in dismay. But Johnson followed his guide into the most typical of the shacks, into two-room huts, where eight, ten, or twelve colored people lived in stolid indifference to all the law—hygienic, statutory, and moral—which their white neighbors on the outside of the block were so scrupulous to fulfill.

The Lesson of Washington's Alleys

IN THE midst of Goat Alley he stopped short to avoid frightening a group of little black rascals he had come upon shooting craps. A block farther along he and his companion organized a clog-dancing contest. A little farther along still he stopped short in front of a long row of solid brick houses, reeking with filth and giving every promise of radiating disease for fifty years yet to come. Then, pointing to the rears of well-to-do houses on the outside of the block, he asked directly: "What effect has all this uncleanness, this utter lack of morals—for I conceive it to be that rather than a violation of the moral instinct—on the people who live over there?"

He stood stock still until he had the whole answer—how the American capital leads in the ratio of deaths from tubercular ailments, is practically second in the ratio of deaths from typhoid, and ranks nearly as high as to malaria. For fully two blocks he walked with his head down and his eyes two-thirds shut. When, finally, he looked up it was to say simply:

"I think I see a way out of all this. I don't believe the American people know that these things exist in the only city they all own. We can't solve it in a day. But we can all help. I will do my part. And the people of Minnesota will do their part."

It has come to be in questionable taste in these days to say of a man that he is loved. Yet that is really the word to use in the case of Johnson. In his own State the people love him. And he has friends—personal, enthusiastic, loyal friends—that he could count by the hundred, or perhaps thousand. This was shown when he was President of the State Editorial Association. (Johnson was a newspaper man before he was a politician.) He was taken very ill and underwent an operation for appendicitis at the hospital at St. Peter. While recovering from this he suffered a relapse and was obliged to undergo a second operation at the hospital at Rochester. From this he was not expected to recover. It was then, while he hovered between life and death, that the papers of the State poured out their tribute of affection and respect in a manner that has made the occasion remembered by every editor in the State.

In his political beliefs Governor Johnson is not far removed from President Roosevelt, whom he frankly admires. In the three and a half years he has been Governor he has shown himself an admirable executive, and has handled the Republican Legislature not only so as to avoid any deadlock between the executive and legislative departments of the State government, but actually has secured from the Legislature substantially all the legislation he has recommended. He has given several notable exhibitions of his personal persuasiveness, but none more notable than when he went to and settled the strike among the miners in the iron range.

Governor Johnson does not expect to be seriously considered in the Democratic National Convention. He tells his friends he thinks the people have their minds made up to name Mr. Bryan, and this is what he expects will be done. Probably he is right; but there are many Democrats who have met him who wish they had met him earlier.

Yon Yonson of Minnesota

(From the Saga of a frozen Scald)

By WALLACE IRWIN

AY yust ben plain goot Svedish man—
Ay ask run kvestion if Ay can,
Who ben most Great American?—

Yo bat,

YON YONSON!

Who svat dat Predatory Lord
In Meenesota's njordland fjord
An' younce de railways golly hard?
Ay tank

YON YONSON!

O Yutland Yon,
O Norseman Yon,
Let Taddy kvarrel mit Brownson;
Dat dam Beeg Steek
Look pratty seek
If it try yolt YON YONSON!

WHO yar dat Steel Trust in har lair
An' give Yames Hill mans such fine scare
Dat Svedes skol ride for 2c fare?
Ay know—

YON YONSON!

Who make dem Malefacktors yar
An' say: "If yo no kvit I tal!"
An' yump Insurance grafi lak hal?—
O yoy!

YON YONSON!

O Viking Yon,
O gentle Yon,
From Svealand to Visconsin,
If yo can gat
Dem Irish yat,
By yinks, yo vin, YON YONSON!

IF Taddy Rosevalt ever kvit
An' Meestar Taft too fat for it,
I've got yust man such yob to fil—
All yat,

YON YONSON!

Dat name ve skol fjord to krag,
De Yankee-yoodle Svedish flag—
De Constitution follow yag
Mit you,

YON YONSON!

O Useful Yon,
O yoyful Yon,
You bat Ay mak my gran'son
Put on he hat,
Wote Demokrat
For Yustice and YON YONSON!



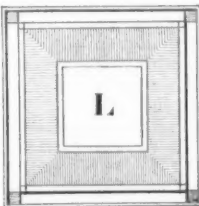
Submarines for the Philippines

Stowing the "Shark" and the "Porpoise," which have been in service on the Atlantic Coast, aboard the collier "Casar" at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. These are the first submarines sent to the Manila station

Untapped Thrift

Stores of Hidden Savings Available for Postal Banks

By SAMUEL E. MOFFETT



LAST year we had 1,415 savings banks in the United States. Most of them were absolutely sound. But each stood on its own bottom, and had to depend on its own strength to withstand any wave of terror, reasonable or unreasonable, among its depositors. Each separate bank has always had to face the possibility of a disastrous run, but there has never been a serious run on the savings bank system as a whole, even under private management. We have now the experience of nearly a century to guide us. The entire record of the American savings bank system, from its origin in 1816, discloses only four instances in which the aggregate deposits have declined from one year to the next. The first of these was at the beginning of the Civil War, when the savings banks lost about two millions and a half out of nearly a hundred and fifty millions of deposits. The next two were in the long stretch of hard times in the seventies, and the last followed the panic of 1893. There never has been a year in which the net withdrawals have reached nine per cent of the total deposits. These facts make it clear that a postal system, combining national extent with Government security, would be absolutely immune from runs. The experience of England verifies this conclusion. There never has been a single year since the establishment of the system, in 1861, in which the total deposits in the British postal savings banks have not increased.

There is another peculiar fact about the British system. In 1906 there were 10,332,784 accounts open in the British postal savings banks and 1,760,999 in the trustees' savings banks—12,093,783 accounts in all. In the same year there were only 8,627,192 savings accounts in the United States, with twice Great Britain's population. Does that mean that British savines are greater than American? Far from it. Our 8,000,000 depositors had nearly three and a half times as much to their credit as Great Britain's 12,000,000—about five times as much for each depositor. What the figures mean is simply that Great Britain has tapped a stratum of population that our savings banks do not touch. In

the first place, the vast bulk of savings deposits in the United States represents only a small part of the country. Many States have no savings banks at all. There are huge stretches of American territory in which the only place for small accumulations is the tin box under the bed, or a hole in the cellar. In 1907 about twenty-nine thirtieths of the savings bank deposits in the United States were found in the thirteen States of New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Illinois, Iowa, and California. These States contained much less than half of the population of the country. All the rest of the Union, with its nearly 50,000,000 inhabitants, had less than half as much money on deposit in savings banks as the single State of California, and just about half as much as Connecticut. Obviously there is a vast virgin field to be worked for the mutual advantage of the people and of the public credit.

Nor is that field confined to States that are now lacking in savings bank facilities. Pennsylvania has nearly half a million savings bank depositors, but when a steel company there, knowing that its employees were depositing nothing, tried to encourage thrift among them by opening a savings department of its own, it got no responses. A little later one of the men was hurt, and when the surgeons prepared him for an operation they found \$600 in his money belt. The next five men brought into the ward assayed on an average \$300 apiece. It was estimated that the employees of this one company were carrying around or hiding in their homes a million and a quarter in cash. These incidents were related to Dr. Richard D. Harlan, the special representative of the George Washington University movement, by a banker friend. Dr. Harlan adds, in a letter to COLIER'S:

"Item No. 2.—Shortly after he had heard of the experience with that Pennsylvania company, my banker friend happened to be in a railway station near New York when an Italian workman was hurt. Immediately a half dozen men stepped forward to claim him as their brother. When asked by my friend whether he meant to give the man up to their custody, the Station Superintendent replied: 'Of course not! Those men aren't his brothers; they are after his money-belt.' 'Oh,' said my friend, 'I see that you are on to the game.' 'Surely,'

said the Superintendent. "They all carry a big wad of money in their belts."

"Item No. 3—My banker friend, becoming still more interested in this problem, then inquired of the surgeon of a certain hospital in New York which has most of the emergency cases among that class of foreigners. He learned that this 'money-belt' habit was universal.

"Further investigation led my friend to the conclusion that at this moment there are from \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000 hidden away on the persons and in the houses of people who are afraid of all banks, even our savings banks. But he believed that practically every dollar of this money could be drawn into postal savings banks; for even the most ignorant of our foreign workmen would trust the Federal Government.

"This banker expressed the conviction that in times of financial stringency a properly guarded postal savings bank system would bring a larger and more permanent relief than any currency bill that is likely to be passed by Congress, and that such a system would

not interfere in the least with the regular savings banks."

Many ignorant immigrants, bewildered by the strange institutions about them, and not knowing whom to trust, turn to their own countrymen, who transform cigar-stands into "banks" and flit to Europe when they have taken in enough to keep them for life. The receivers looking for the assets are sometimes lucky enough to find a copper overlooked in a corner of the empty safe. The people who are robbed in this way would not deposit in the ordinary savings banks, nor would the banks find it desirable that they should. They are a panicky class, always subject to be stampeded into a run by any idle rumor. But they would trust the Government, and a postal savings bank system would make their hoards a useful part of the machinery of trade.

Not many regular savings banks fail, but sometimes one does, and every such failure is a tragedy. Among all the millions of depositors in the public savings banks of Europe, not one has ever lost a cent through

such a calamity. If we consider what that means, and then compare it with the black trail of ruined lives left by American bankruptcies, we shall find it hard to resist the conviction that a government that gives such security to its people is not trespassing on the proper sphere of private enterprise, but performing a plain duty which it would be unfeeling and criminal to neglect. A single bank failure in San Francisco some years ago robbed twelve thousand depositors of their accumulated earnings, reducing many of them from comfort to absolute destitution, driving some to insanity or suicide, and others from respectable homes to the slums or the streets. How much misery, social discontent, discouragement of thrift, class enmity, impairment of national wealth, and weakening of the bonds of order come from such continual wrongs inflicted on the elite of the working masses, no statistician is skilled enough to compute. But when the Government can end all these evils at a stroke, not only without cost but with profit to itself, its persistent refusal to do so deserves some harsher name than negligence.



The New York Saloon

The first of two articles tracing the connection between the brewers and the retail liquor dealers

I—The Brewer's Man: the Saloon-Keeper

By

ARTHUR HUNTINGTON GLEASON

sociated Brewers." It is familiarly known as "The Pool."

The last official secret printed list of its membership, sent out to members, was issued on January 11, 1908, and contained these 74 names:

Bachmann Brewing Co.; Ballantine & Co.; Beadleston & Woerz; Bechtel Brewing Co.; Daniel Bernes Boulevard Brewery; H. Clausen & Son Brewing Co.; Consumers Brewing Co. of New York; Consumers Brewing Co. of Brooklyn; Congress Brewing Co.; Diogenes Brewing Co.; Peter Doelger; Joseph Doelger's Sons; Eagle Brewing Co. of New Jersey; Eastern Brewing Co.; Ebling Brewing Co.; Monroe Eckstein Brewing Co.; George Ehret; John Eichler Brewing Co.; Henry Elias Brewing Co.; Joseph Eppig; Essex County Brewing Co.; James Everard; Excelsior Brewing Co.; Joseph Fallert Brewing Co.; Federal Brewing Co.; Feigen-span's Brewery; A. Finck & Son; Flanagan, Nay & Co.; Frank Brewery; Franklin Brewing Co.; George Grauer; M. Groh's Sons; J. & M. Haffen Brewing Co.; Peter Hauck & Co.; Jacob Hoffmann Brewing Co.; The Home Brewing Co.; Howard & Childs; Otto Huber; Adolph G. Hupfel; J. Chr. G. Hupfel Brewing Co.; Frank Ibert Brewing Co.; India Wharf Brewing Co.; F. J. Kastner Co.; H. Kochler & Co.; Gottfried Krueger Brewing Co.; Leavy & Britton Brewing Co.; Lembeck & Betz Brewing Co.; Liebmann's Sons Brewing Co.; Lion Brewery; Loewer's Gambirius Brewery Co.; Lyon & Sons Brewing Co.; Nassau Brewing Co.; New York & Brooklyn Brewing Co.; North American Brewing Co.; Obermeyer & Liebmann; F. Oppermann, Jr.; Peter; George Ringler & Co.; Rising Sun; Rubsam & Horrmann Brewing Co.; Jacob Ruppert; F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co.; H. B. Schermann & Sons; N. Seitz's Son; Schmitt & Schwanen-fluegel; David Stevenson Brewing Co.; C. Trefz; Wm. Umer; Union Brewing Co.; Welz & Zerweck; Yonkers Brewery; Zeltner Brewing Co.; Michel Brewing Co.; Kips Bay Brewing Co.

These are the 74 firms that control 85 per cent of the annual output—the men on whom the public would do well to keep a scrutinizing eye. The 15 per cent outside the ramparts are small and comparatively weak brewers,* most of whom take the left-over trade of the "Associated Brewers," and are therefore apt to handle the less reputable places. The Karsh Brewing Co. and the Jetter Brewing Co., outside the association, are displaying signs over many saloons that are the haunts of immoral women.

The brewers' pool is a failure as a pool. It does not hang together with that cohesion which would enable it to withstand the assaults of the public. Recently its members secretly and unanimously agreed, in raising the

* Bernheimer & Schwarz is the one strong firm outside the "Associated Brewers," and their aberration is temporary. They have left the Lion Brewery, and the Board of Trade, and are going it alone. But their position is analogous to that of Devery when he left Tammany Hall. He was still an "insider" even when he sulked.

price of beer between 50 cents and \$1 a barrel, to hold their retail dealers to the new price, by refusing to take over a retailer who tried to jump from one brewer to another. And yet several of the pool brewers cut their rates and accepted other men's dealers. That is the first point to be scored against the brewers—they have not as yet whipped their sinful brethren into line. They must either learn to combine for cleaning up their trade or prepare to meet a prohibition deluge.

At this moment Julius Liebmann, honest German and good citizen, wishes to raise a war fund to purify the New York business, and he wishes to divide up among the "Associated Brewers" the expenses of the reformation. He is being vigorously opposed by several of the brewers.

The brewers deal carelessly in a commodity whose accompaniments are about as innocuous as dynamite. As individuals, and as a body, they have flooded the community with beer, have honeycombed the city with saloons, and have created a class of liquor dealers always in debt and therefore always forced to make profits in vile ways.

The brewers have a set of collectors, like fingers to their hand—to reach out and draw in every potential man within sight who is sociable, with a talent for borrowing money. Him they make a liquor dealer. They squeeze him dry and then turn him loose, and take up with a new love. Thus they squeeze a succession of suckers, to the upbuilding of their dividends.

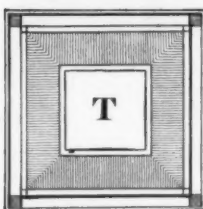
I know of a man who was set up in a saloon when his total capital was thirty-five cents. If the first money over the counter had been a bill, he would have had to run around the corner for change. This man supported a family of orphaned nieces and nephews and maiden sisters who had come to him for a home, and he did it on the profits of prostitution.

The chattel-mortgage system keeps the dealer in chronic debt, and binds him to the one kind of beer made by the brewer holding the mortgage. The saloon dealer is thus the clerk of the brewer, but with no salary except such as he can squeeze out of the business after all the brewer's bills have been paid. He is the clerk, but all the risk is on his head. The gun always explodes at the butt-end in his face. It never hits the brewer.

The Chattel Mortgage Slavery

HERE is what a dealer on Fulton Street, Brooklyn, who has been running a forty-five-room establishment, said to me on that point: "The brewers will grab a man by the throat and jab him against the wall till they can cut steaks off his tongue. I call it the iron hand of the brewer. They won't sell you beer unless you let them put the screws on you, and when they get the screws on you they'll never let up."

The man who becomes a liquor dealer has been a sociable chap, out of a job, who hangs around the saloons, is in touch with the local gossip, clever at telling smutty stories, an easy borrower because of some "whisky friends." A brewer's collector, on one of the Monday visits to the chain of saloons, meets this "good fellow," sizes him up as available, and tells the brewer



HE brewers are in control of the saloon situation in New York City; it rests with them to cure the present evils in the saloon. Failing to repent, they will face severe restrictive legislation in the next two years. They control between 80 and 85 per cent of the 11,000, odd, saloons of the city by chattel mortgage; they advance the annual \$525 to \$1,200 of license money for nearly 85 per cent of the saloons.

Certain of them, good citizens, thrifty Germans, generous and honest men, are sincerely desirous to clean up their trade, and six days after the appearance of this article New York City will be treated to more clean saloons than it has recently known. Also, there will be a wide advertisement of the clean-up. We shall accept this relief with thanks, and pray for its permanence.

Overcompetition among the brewers has made the city saloon hunt profits in evil ways. Excise legislation at Albany, however, shares the guilt for this overcompetition. On this point Hugh F. Fox, secretary of the United States Brewers' Association, says:

"Cut-throat competition in New York State is largely fostered by fiscal legislation. Prior to the enactment of the Raines law, the cities under home rule were gradually working out a plan of license limitation and restriction, with a view to adjusting the retail liquor business to the law of demand and supply. It was at the suggestion of the brewers of New York that the old Excise Board adopted a rule not to issue a new license except upon the surrender of an old one. Had this system been continued for a sufficient length of time, the proportion of saloons to population would have been decreased from year to year, and the standard of respectability of the dealers would have been raised. The Raines law took this municipal government function out of the hands of the civic authorities, and centralized it by the creation of a State Excise Department. Under this law, any citizen of full age can procure a license by giving a bond, no matter how many saloons are already doing business on his block."

But the relation of the brewer to this overcompetition is vitally close.

"The Associated Brewers"

THE brewers of New York are organized into the Brewers' Board of Trade, of which Jacob Ruppert, Jr., is president, and which controls 7,000,000 of the 8,500,000 barrels of annual output. The Board of Trade keeps a rating on the retail saloon-keepers, and sends a private weekly typewritten list of the excise arrests, cases pending, and the other legal adventures of their retail men to the brewers who are members of the Board. The inside name for the combine of brewers is "The As-

that there is a candidate for the next vacant corner. The sociable chap is invited up to the brewery to talk things over. Everything is cordial. He is urged to borrow a few hundred dollars to pay for his beer and to buy a little furniture.

If the brewer is a large real-estate owner, he installs the dealer in one of the firm's corner stores, and the lease he must sign provides that:

"The party of the second part [the liquor dealer] agrees that he will purchase and sell the beer of the party of the first part [the brewer] on said premises, and no other domestic beer."

Then follows a clause that makes the dealer liable to pay all charges for the city water; and other clauses making the liquor license non-transferable.

If the brewer does not have a vacant corner, the dealer finds one for himself, by going to the owners of real estate. He puts in a few hundred dollars' worth of furniture. The brewer puts in additional fixings and furniture, and takes a chattel mortgage with interest on everything—lease, license, stock, and all future acquisitions of the dealer.

Here is a typical chattel mortgage:

CHATEL MORTGAGE NO. 78,591

Walter von Erlenbell, 46 West Thirty-fifth Street; chattel mortgage made December 3, 1906, and renewed November 18, 1907, by the Bernheimer & Schwartz Pilsener Brewing Co. Von Erlenbell leased the premises from Dr. E. L. M. Bristol for five years, from January 1, 1907. The amount of the mortgage was \$2,500. The mortgage was on the lease, right of possession, the liquor tax certificate, the bar and back, all goods, chattels, and fixtures (specified below), also all goods, chattels, and fixtures which Erlenbell "may at any time hereafter place in the premises." It further pledges Erlenbell to pay on demand all sums of money to become due "for merchandise to be sold to me by the said brewing company, for money loaned and advanced to me or paid, laid out, or expended for me at my request or otherwise."

It pledges Erlenbell to keep the goods, etc., insured for the benefit of the brewer. On default of payment of any bill, the brewer can immediately take possession of both the lease and the goods.

The specifications are:
One bar with arm-rail; 1 working bar; 1 back bar with shelving, mirrors, drawings; 2 National cash registers; 1 brass foot-rail; linoleum on the floors (up and downstairs); 1 ice-house in cellar; 1 nine-pull ale and beer pumps, pipes, and connections; 110 Vienna bent wood chairs; 24 tables; 200 glasses; 1 stormhouse with doors; 7 H-light clusters with globes; 1 steaming table with connections; 1 lunch counter; 1 range, with boiler pipes and connections; 1 butcher's block; 1 kitchen table; 2 urinals, pipes and connections; 1 washstand, pipes and connections; 2 water-closets, pipes and connections; partition with doors around closets and urinals; 1 clock.

In rooms upstairs: 7 bedsteads with beddings; 7 dressers; 14 pieces of upholstered chairs and sofas in parlor; 25 yards of carpet; 7 gas-brackets with globes.

It is plain that a man held by that mortgage could not escape very far. There is no chance for initiative. He has to pay all the bills, and take all the risks. He can buy only the brewer's own beer, and yet the price of that beer can be shifted on him without warning. If he jumps his claim, unable to stand the pressure of some particular brewer, his name has been known to be listed and sent round to the other brewers and wholesale liquor men.

The Saloon Barons

THE brewers* holding the largest number of chattel mortgages for November, 1906, to November, 1907, are (New York City):

Lion.....	618
Bernheimer & Schwartz Pilsener Brewing Co.....	596
Ehret.....	587
Ruppert.....	344
Liebermann.....	294
Everard.....	244
Welz & Zerweck.....	220
Flanagan, Nay & Co.....	202
Koehler.....	196
Ehling.....	179
Central.....	153
Congress.....	139
	3,772

Ehret and Peter Doelger also own outright some hundreds of saloons. Thirteen men control over 4,000 "corners" and "block stands." Eleven are "associated."

The site once arranged for, the brewer next graciously proceeds to advance the license money for the dealer—from \$525 to \$1,200 a year in New York City. This is another extra-legal unfortunate custom, for it never gives the retailer a chance to see whether he can stand on his own legs. It merely tightens up the belt around him, one loop stiffer.

The brewers have a set of able agents to arrange the licenses and bonds for them. Some of these men have unobtrusive but busy offices at No. 1 Madison Avenue, and they are on friendly terms with the officials of the State Excise Department, whose New York office is conveniently situated in the same building.

These magnetic citizens, who establish the connection between the brewers and the State Treasury, send out little notification cards to the saloon-keepers in the month of April to come up to Twenty-third Street and sign the license and pay in the premium on the bond. The gentlemen that do these friendly services are, for instance, John M. Binzen (George Ehret); Thomas Manus (Ruppert); Thomas E. Leeman (Bernheimer & Schwartz); J. A. Hirschman (Lion).

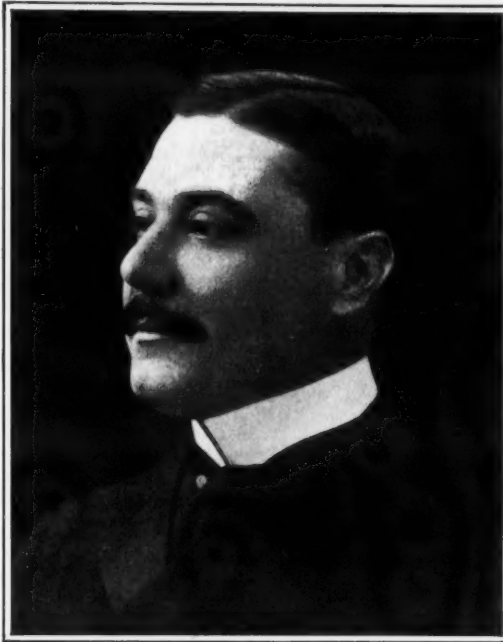
The brewers pay their saloon license money by certified check on May 1. They spend the month of April in borrowing from \$30,000 to \$250,000 from banks and private individuals to meet this cash drain. The H.

* Certain saloons change hands once or twice in the course of the year. Each time, a new mortgage is recorded. Twenty per cent must be deducted from the total because of this duplication. But, on the other hand, this twenty per cent deduction is made up by the fact that each brewer owns outright certain of his saloons. Thus, Peter Doelger owns a large proportion of his saloons, so he does not need chattel mortgages to insure his control. George Ehret is the fifth largest holder of assessed land value in Manhattan. He has \$7,848,600 worth, and ranks as real estate baron immediately after the Astors, Trinity Church Corporation, Robert Goellet, and the Rhinelanders.

Koehler Co., for instance, raises its money through the individual members of the corporation.

The passage of \$18,000,000, each year, over the counter from the brewer to New York State (half to the State, half to the county) is an important matter. And just as thunder is apt to attend rain, so strike legislation is apt to overhang the brewer through the months of March and April. The Albany legislators have a new set of excise sentiments each year at this time. The State is well pleased to accept these millions of money, and in return, through its excise department, is entirely willing to grant a slight extra-legal favor to the brewers. It is this: The liquor dealer whose license has been advanced for him might surrender that license some day to a stranger. Then the brewer would be \$1,200 short. So the brewer forces his horde of saloon-keepers each to make over his power of attorney to the brewer, thus giving up any power to surrender the license. The brewer, thus safeguarded, files this power of attorney with the Deputy Commissioner. Now, the recognition of this power of attorney is not provided for in the excise law. But the Excise Commission accepts it, files it, and recognizes it.

The reason for this graciousness on the part of New



Jacob Ruppert, Jr., President of the New York Brewers' Board of Trade

York State is not far to seek. The State can collect more easily from 100 brewers than from 11,000 liquor dealers. So it lets the brewers protect themselves under its favoring agis, by an unauthorized device at which it winks.

The saloon-keeper's next problem, when his license money has been advanced for him, is the bond. Here again the brewer will navigate him over the rocks. Each liquor dealer is required to give a bond to the State for 150 per cent of his license, which makes the bond \$1,800 for New York City. A fairly decent saloon, run, let us say, by Ehret, will turn over from \$22 to \$40 to Ehret's man, Binzen, and the liquor dealer will get his bond without further trouble. Binzen makes a stack of bond applications from his hundreds of retailers, and takes them downstairs to some one of the bonding companies which make a business of bonding saloons.

The bonds are forfeited when a saloon has been successfully prosecuted for breaking the law. The money forfeited goes to the Excise Department. Obviously, then, the bond business becomes interesting when you are dealing with disorderly saloons, since the company that bonds them is taking a large risk.

The bonds are generally issued at a flat rate, but for the notorious resorts the surety companies demand a large premium to compensate for the risk. Cases are known where the surety company has been absolutely secured by deposit with it of a certified check for the entire amount of the bond, plus a \$100 commission.

There are several places on the Bowery that are paying from \$300 to \$750 a year for their bond. The brewers, through their agents, who control the giving out of applications for bonds, use the safe places as a bait to secure the acceptance of the bad places and dangerous risks. As an illustration, the representative of one of the bond companies, when he appeared before a committee of brewers, was asked if he would accept five bad bonds when included in a block of 100 places.

The Brewers and Bad Bonds

THE position of the bond companies in 1907 is a good illustration. The United Surety, asking \$35 a bond, and having the support of the retail liquor dealers, has written as clean a business as could be asked and of fair amount (1,800 bonds). Some few "disorderlies" were passed, but unknowingly. The "Combination," Sheridan agent, took, it is believed, as few "disorderlies" as was possible, and still does a large proportion of the business. Both these say they wrote no bonds at an excess premium. These were written by the Bankers' Surety Co., Arthur C. Riester, agent, taking three-quarters of the extra hazardous risks with one-fifth of the business. It has been estimated that this company, or its agent, took in between \$75,000 and \$100,000 in premiums.

Arthur C. Riester, New York manager and agent of the Bankers' Surety Co., explained recently the risks involved, and the philosophy of the business:

"Yes, it is true that we have stopped giving bonds for the New York saloons—stopped last week. But we shall begin again soon. You can be sure of that. You have to take a risk in a bond company. If you're signing 300 bonds for a brewing company, you can't hold up some particular dealer and say you don't want that risk. The brewer would take his business somewhere else. Then another thing, a bonding company can never tell what the Excise Department is going to do. You see, part of the State revenue comes from licenses and from forfeitures. One thousand eight hundred dollars goes to them when they collect on a bond. You can never tell which place is going to lose its license. The Excise Department sends around a couple of men to a saloon on a Sunday, and they beg the liquor dealer to sell them a drink. And there is \$1,800 gone for a dime! Then, after the license has been revoked, I've seen the department give the license to the same place. Each time there's that much added money for the State. The Excise Department is a political contrivance. Then another thing, still. You can never tell which man they're going to put out of business. Perhaps it will be a fellow running pretty straight, who has refused to pay up to the police. The fellow opposite won't be touched. I had a case, Puter, who has been running a place at 120 Fourth Avenue—The Antique. For fifteen months Miles O'Reilly has been trying to land evidence on him and couldn't do it. He's had a cop outside his door, who has been saying to people going in, 'Bad place. You'd better not go in.' It's queered his custom. His business lost \$10,000. Finally, the other day, he chucked up his license. He said he couldn't stack up against the police force. The place right opposite him is four times worse than his—full of prostitutes—and the cops in the next precinct haven't touched it. The State Excise Department will get up some morning and find there aren't any surety companies to take bonds. The nicest-looking fellow will run the rottenest place. How can a man, sitting here, tell?"

Certain of the brewers are cooperating with the excellent Committee of Fourteen in cleaning up the disorderly saloons and in ending the brewers' practise of forcing dives down the throat of the bond companies, by including them in a large batch of places to be bonded. The Committee by cooperating with the city and the more enlightened brewers is lessening the number of disreputable saloons.

The Brewers' Collectors

AT EVERY step of the liquor dealer's career from the time it is suggested to him that he go into business, through his chattel mortgage, his license and his bond, he leans on the brewer. At each danger-point the brewer appears as guide. It is the brewer who, through his collector, tells him he is a good fellow for the business, who steers him through each move, lends him the price of it and makes him sign the papers that direct the future of his job.

Once installed, with his license and bond, the liquor dealer puts on his apron and looks pleasant.

He will sell from four to four hundred kegs a week, according to the location of his stand and the quantity and quality of his custom. Eight dollars a barrel is the price, and the percentage off brings this to \$5 net, with 7 ounces for the average glass.

The liquor dealer's weekly beer bill will vary with his sales and with the particular malt or rice beer to which he is tied up. Each Monday morning the dealer sees the brewer's collector walk in to get the beer and license money.

The brewery business and the cigar business differ from other businesses in the function of the collector. If the wholesale grocer sent a man to his retailers who bought a dollar's worth of potatoes each time he collected the rent and interest on the mortgage, you would then have an analogous situation. The brewer's collector has a certain amount of spending money allowed him. He purchases fifty cents or a dollar's worth of drinks, smokes, etc., on each collection. This is what might be called imitation conviviality.

This profession of collector is a vital element in the organization of the entire business. He is the right arm of the brewer. He always stays for a good chat with the saloon-keeper, the bartender, and the customers. He is continually sizing up the place, the character of the back-room, the upstairs rooms, the gambling game in the rear, and the suggestive exhibits that the saloon-keeper conceals under his bar, for the delectation of select customers.

On the afternoon of March 31 I went with a brewer's collector on his rounds in the Fourteenth Street district. The first dealer on our list told us that he was at present paying \$25 a month, direct to the plain clothes man of his precinct, for the privilege of using his upstairs rooms for immoral hotel purposes. He had temporarily given up paying his \$5 a month to his "local" of the Retail Liquor Dealers' Association for the open side door on Sunday, because Miles O'Reilly, police captain of the precinct, does not take assessment money. Our next liquor dealer is in that branch of the Retail Liquor Dealers' Association which has William McClenahan, Nineteenth Street and Seventh Avenue, for president. He described to us the Tuesday primary fight between Odell and Parsons, and the price of votes in his district. It went up to \$6, in a few instances. And so the evidence could be spread out from many collectors for many breweries of how snugly accurate their knowledge is of the character of the saloons and their "proprietors."

They keep the closest tab on their dealers. If the dealer is away when the collector calls for beer money, the collector asks the bartender where the boss is, and learns he is out driving with his new runabout. Many of the collectors attend the races and watch the behavior of their saloon-keepers in playing the races.

(Continued on page 31) 17

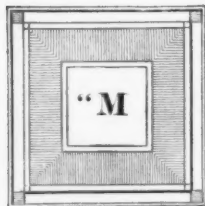
The Canopy Bed

By TEMPLE BAILEY



Charles Gardner '25

"I thought you might need a light," she said.



Y GREAT-GRANDFATHER slept in it," Van Alen told the caretaker, as she ushered him into the big stuffy bedroom.

The old woman set her candlestick down on the quaint dresser. "He must have been a little man," she said; "none of my sons could sleep in it. Their feet would hang over."

Van Alen eyed the big bed curiously. All his life he had heard of it, and now he had traveled far to see it. It was a lumbering structure of great width and of strangely disproportionate length. And the coverlet and the canopy were of rose-colored chintz.

"I think I shall fit it," he said slowly.

Mrs. Brand's critical glance weighed his smallness, his immaculateness, his difference from her own great sons.

"Yes," she said, with the open rudeness of the country-bred; "yes, you ain't very big."

Van Alen winced. Even from the lips of this uncouth woman the truth struck hard. But he carried the topic forward with the light ease of a man of the world.

"My grandfather had the bed sawed to his own length," he explained; "did you ever hear the story?"

"No," she said; "I ain't been here long. They kept the house shut up till this year."

"Well, I'll tell you when I come down," and Van Alen opened his bag with a finality that sent the old woman to the door.

"Supper's ready," she told him, "whenever you are."

At the supper table the four big sons towered above Van Alen. They ate with appetites like giants, and they had big ways and hearty laughs that seemed to dwarf their guest into insignificance.

But the insignificance was that of body only, for Van Alen, fresh from the outside world and a good talker at all times, dominated the table conversationally.

To what he had to say the men listened eagerly, and the girl who waited on the table listened.

She was a vivid personality, with burnished hair, flaming cheeks, eyes like the sea. Her hands, as she passed the biscuits, were white, and the fingers went down delicately to little points. Van Alen, noting these things keenly, knew that she was out of her place, and wondered how she came there.

At the end of the meal he told the story of the Canopy Bed.

"My great-grandfather was a little man, and very sensitive about his height. In the days of his early manhood he spent much time in devising ways to deceive people into thinking him taller. He surrounded himself with big things, had a big bed made, wore high-heeled boots, and the crown of his hat was so tall that he was almost overbalanced.

"But for all that, he was a little man among the sturdy men of his generation, and if it had not been for the Revolution I think he would have died railing at fate. But the war brought him opportunity. My little great-grandfather fought in it, and won great honors, and straight back home he came and had the

bed sawed off! He wanted future generations to see what a little man could do, and his will provided that this house should not be sold, and that, when his sons and grandsons had proved themselves worthy of it by some achievement, they should come here and sleep. I think he swagged a little when he wrote that will, and he has put his descendants in an embarrassing position. We can never sleep in the canopy bed without taking more upon ourselves than modesty permits!"

He laughed, and instinctively his eyes sought those of the girl who waited on the table. Somehow he felt that she was the only one who could understand.

She came back at him with a question: "What have you done?"

"I have written a book," he told her. She shook her head, and there were little sparks of light in her eyes. "I don't believe that was what your grandfather meant," she said, slowly.

They stared at her—three of the brothers with their knives and forks uplifted, the fourth, a blond Titanic youngster, with his elbows on the table, his face turned up to her, as to the sun.

"I don't believe he meant something done with your brains, but something fine, heroic—" There was a hint of scorn in her voice.

Van Alen flushed. He was fresh from the adulation of his bookish world.

"I should not have come," he explained, uncomfortably, "if my mother had not desired that I preserve the tradition of the family."

"It is a great thing to write a book"—she was leaning forward, aflame with interest—"but I don't believe he meant just that—"

He laughed. "Then I am not to sleep in the canopy bed?"

The girl laughed too. "Not unless you want to be haunted by his ghost."

With a backward flashing glance, she went into the kitchen, and Van Alen, lighting a cigarette, started to explore the old house.

Except for the wing, occupied by the caretaker, nothing had been disturbed since the family, seeking new fortunes in the city, had left the old homestead to decay among the desolate fields that yielded now a meagre living for Mrs. Brand and her four strapping sons.

In the old parlor, where the ancient furniture showed ghostlike shapes in the dimness, and the dead air was like a tomb, Van Alen found a picture of his great-grandfather.

The little man had been painted without flattery. There he sat—Lilliputian on the great charger! At that

moment Van Alen hated him—that Hop-o'-my-Thumb of another age, founder of a pigmy race, who, by his braggart will, had that night brought upon this one of his descendants the scorn of a woman.

And even as he thought of her, she came in, with the yellow flare of a candle lighting her vivid face.

"I thought you might need a light," she said; "it grows dark so soon."

As he took the candle from her, he said abruptly: "I shall not sleep in the canopy bed; there is a couch in the room."

"Oh," her tone was startled, "you shouldn't have taken all that I said in earnest."

"But you meant it?"

"In a way, yes. I have been in here so often and have looked at your grandfather's picture. He was a great little man—you can tell from his eyes—they seem to speak at times."

"To you?"

"Yes. Of how he hated to be little, and how he triumphed when fame came at last."

"I hate to be little—"

It was the first time that he had ever owned it. Even as a tiny boy he had brazened it out, boasting of his mental achievements and slurring the weakness of his stunted body.

"I know," she had shut the kitchen door behind her, and they were standing in the hallway alone. "I know. Every man must want to be big."

She was only the girl who had waited on the table, but as she stood there, looking at him with luminous eyes, he burned with dull resentment, envying the blond boy who had sprawled at the head of the supper table. After all, it was to such a man as Otto Brand that this woman would some day turn.

HE SPOKE almost roughly: "Size isn't everything." She flushed. "How rude you must think me," she said; "but I have been so interested in dissecting your grandfather that I forgot—you—"

Van Alen was moved by an impulse that he could not control, a primitive impulse that was not in line with his usual repression.

"I am tempted to make you remember me," he said slowly, and after that there was a startled silence. And then she went away.

As he passed the sitting-room on his way upstairs, he looked in, and spoke to Otto Brand.

More than any of the other brothers, Otto typified strength and beauty, but in his eyes was never a dream, his brain had mastered nothing. He was playing idly with the yellow cat, but he stopped at Van Alen's question.

"Her great-grandfather and yours were neighbors," the boy said, with his cheeks flushing; "they own the next farm."

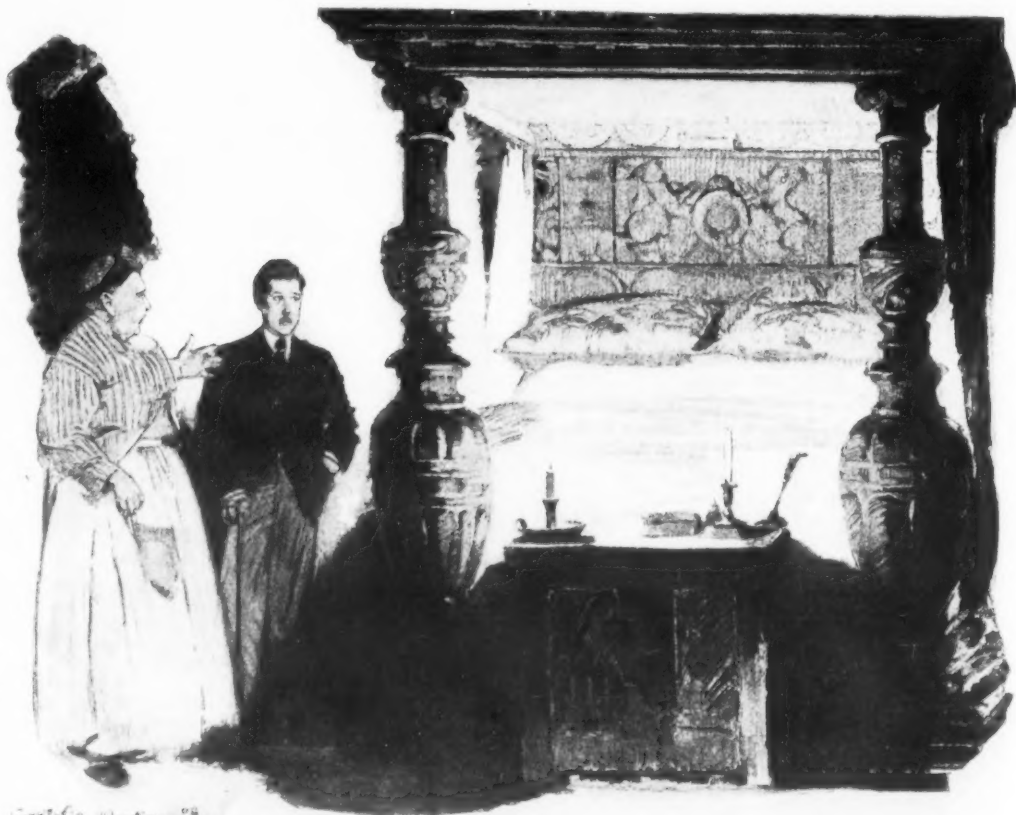
"The Wetherells?" Van Alen inquired.

The boy nodded. "They ain't got a cent. They're land poor. That's why she's here. But she don't need to work."

"Why not?"

"There's plenty that wants to marry her round about," was the boy's self-conscious summing up.

With a sense of revolt, Van Alen left him, and, undressing in the room with the canopy bed, he called



Charles Gardner '25

"I think I shall fit it," he said slowly

up vaguely the vision of a little girl who had visited them in the city. She had had green eyes and freckles and red hair. Beyond that she had made no impression on his callowness. And her name was Mazie Wetherell.

He threw himself on the couch, and the night winds, coming in through the open window, stirred the curtains of the canopy bed with the light touch of a ghostly hand.

Then dreams came, and through them ran the thread of his hope of seeing Mazie Wetherell in the morning.

But even with such preparation, her beauty seemed to come upon him unawares when he saw her at breakfast. And again at noon, and again at night. But it was the third day before he saw her alone.

ALL that day he had explored the length and breadth of the family estate, finding it barren, finding that the population of the little village at its edge had decreased to a mere handful of laggards, finding that there was no lawyer within miles and but one doctor; gaining a final impression that back here in the hills men would come no more where once men had thronged.

It was almost evening when he followed a furrowed brown road that led westward. Above the bleak line of the horizon the sun hung, a red gold disk. There were other reds, too, along the way—the sumac flaming scarlet against the gray fence-rails; the sweetbrier, crimson-spotted with berries; the creeper, clinging with ruddy fingers to dead tree-trunks; the maple leaves rosy with first frosts.

And into this vividness came the girl who had waited on the table, and her flaming cheeks and copper hair seemed to challenge the glow of the autumn landscape.

She would have passed him with a nod, but he stopped her.

"You must not run away, Mazie Wetherell," he said; "you used to treat me better than that when you were a little girl."

She laughed. "Do you remember my freckles and red hair?"

"I remember your lovely manners."

"I had to have nice manners. It is only pretty children who can afford to be bad."

"And pretty women?" he asked, with his eyes on the color that came and went.

She flung out her hands in a gesture of protest. "I have seen so few."

His lips were opened to tell her of her own beauty, but something restrained him, some perception of maidenly dignity that enfolded her and made her more than the girl who had waited on the table.

"You were a polite little boy," she recalled, filling the breach made by his silence. "I remember that you carried me across the street, to save my slippers from the wet. I thought you were wonderful. I have never forgotten."

Neither had Van Alen forgotten. It had been a great feat for his little strength. There had been other boys there, bigger boys, but he had offered, and had been saved humiliation by her girlish slowness and feather weight.

"I was a strong little fellow then," was his comment. "I am a strong little fellow now."

She turned on him reproachful eyes. "Why do you always harp on it?" she demanded.

"On what?"

"Your size. You twist everything, turn everything, so that we come back to it."

He tried to answer lightly, but his voice shook. "Perhaps it is because in your presence I desire more than ever the full stature of a man."

He was in deadly earnest. Hitherto he had been willing to match his brain, his worldly knowledge, his ancestry, against the charms of the women he had met; but here with this girl, standing like a young goddess under the wide, sunset sky, he felt that only for strength and beauty should she choose her mate.

He wondered what he must seem in her eyes; with his shoulder on a level with hers, with his stocky build that saved him from effeminacy, his carefulness of attire—which is at once the burden and the salvation of the small man.

As for his face, he knew that its homeliness was redeemed by a certain strength of chin, by keen gray eyes, and by a shock of dark hair that showed a little white at the temples. There were worse-looking men, he knew, but that, at the present moment, gave little comfort.

She chose to receive his remark in silence, and, as they came to a path that branched from the road, she said:

"I am going to help take care of a child who is sick. You see I am mistress of all trades—nurse, waitress, charwoman, when there is nothing else."

He glanced at her hands. "I can not believe that you scrub," he said.

"I sit up at night to care for my hands"—there was a note of bitterness in her tone—"and I wear gloves when I work. There are some things that one desires to hold on to, and my mother and my grandmother were ladies of leisure."

"Would you like that—to be a lady of leisure?"

She turned and smiled at him. "How can I tell?" she asked; "I have never tried it."

She started to leave him as she said it, but he held her with a question: "Shall you sit up all night?"

She nodded. "His mother has had no sleep for two nights."

"Is he very ill?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "Who knows? There is no doctor near, and his mother is poor. We are fighting it out together."

There was something heroic in her cool acceptance of her hard life. He was silent for a moment, and then he said: "Would you have time to read my book to-night?"

"Oh, if I might," she said eagerly, "but you haven't it with you."

"I will bring it," he told her, "after supper."

"But," she protested,

"There are no 'buts,'" he said, smiling; "if you will read it, I will get it to you."

The sky had darkened, and, as he went toward home, he faced clouds in the southeast.

"It is going to rain," Otto Brand prophesied as they sat down to supper.

The other three men hoped that it would not. Already the ground was soaked, making the cutting of corn impossible, and another rain with a frost on top of it would spoil all chance of filling the silo.

Van Alen could not enter into their technical objections. He hoped it would not rain, because he wanted to take a book to Mazie Wetherell, and he had not brought a rain-coat.

But it did rain, and he went without a rain-coat!

The house, as he neared it, showed no light, and under the thick canopy of the trees there was no sound but the drip, drip of the rain. By feeling and instinct he found the front door, and knocked.



Her eyes flashed a question, then blazed

There was a movement inside, and then Mazie Wetherell asked softly: "Who's there?"

"I have brought the book."

The bolt was withdrawn, and in the hall, scarcely lighted by the shaded lamp in the room beyond, stood the girl, in a loose gray gown, with braided shining hair—a shadowy being, half-merged into the shadows.

"I thought you would not come," in a hushed tone, "in such a storm."

"I said I should come. The book may help you through the long night."

She caught her breath quickly. "The child is awfully ill."

"Are you afraid? Let me stay."

"Oh, no, no. His mother is sleeping, and I shall have your book."

She did not ask him in, and so he went away at once, beating his way back in the wind and rain, fording a little stream where the low foot-bridge was covered, reaching home soaking wet, but afire with dreams.

Otto Brand was waiting for him, a little curious as to what had taken him out so late, but, getting no satisfaction, he followed Van Alen upstairs, and built a fire for him in the big bedroom. And presently, in the light of the leaping flames, the roses on the canopy of the bed glowed pink.

"Ain't you goin' to sleep in the bed?" Otto asked, as he watched Van Alen arrange the covers on the couch.

"No," said Van Alen shortly, "the honor is too great. It might keep me awake."

"My feet would hang over," Otto said. "Funny thing, wasn't it, for a man to make a will like that?"

"I suppose every man has a right to do as he pleases," Van Alen responded coldly. He was not inclined to discuss the eccentricities of his little old ancestor with this young giant.

"Of course," Otto agreed, and his next remark was called forth by Van Alen's pale blue pajamas.

"Well, those are new on me."

Van Alen explained that in the city they were worn, and that silk was cool, but while he talked he was possessed by a kind of fury. For the first time the delicate garments, the luxurious toilet articles packed in his bag, seemed foppish, unnecessary, things for a woman. With all of them, he could not compete with this fair young god, who used a rough towel and a tin basin on the kitchen bench.

"Maybe I'd better go," the boy offered. "You'll want to go to bed."

But Van Alen held him. "I always smoke first," he said, and, wrapped in his dressing-gown, he flung himself into a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace.

And after a time he brought the conversation around to Mazie Wetherell.

He found the boy rather sure of his success with her. "All women are alike," he said; "you've just got to keep after them long enough."

To Van Alen the idea of this hulking youngster as a suitor for such a woman seemed preposterous. He was not fit to touch the hem of her garment. He was unmannerly, uneducated; he was not of her class—and even as he analyzed, the boy stood up, perfect in his strong young manhood.

"I've never had much trouble making women like me," he said; "and I ain't goin' to give up, just because she thinks she's better than the rest round about here."

He went away, and Van Alen stared long into the fire, until the flames left a heart of opal among the ashes.

He had not been unsuccessful with women himself. Many of them had liked him, and might have loved him if he had cared to make them. But until he met Mazie Wetherell he had not cared.

Desperately he wished for some trial of courage where he might be matched against Otto Brand. He grew melodramatic in his imaginings, and saw himself at a fire, fighting the flames to reach Mazie, while Otto Brand shrank back. He stood in the path of runaway horses, and Otto showed the white feather. He nursed her through the plague, and Otto fled fearfully from the disease.

And then having reached the end of impossibilities, he stood up and shook himself.

"I'm a fool," he said to the flames, shortly, and went to bed, to lie awake, wondering whether Mazie Wetherell had reached that chapter of his book where he had written of love, deeply, reverently, with a foreknowledge of what it might mean to him some day. It was that chapter which had assured the success of his novel. Would it move her, as it had moved him when he reread it? That was what love ought to be—a thing fine, tender, touching the stars! That was what love might be to him, to Mazie Wetherell, what it could never be to Otto Brand.

At breakfast the next morning he found Mrs. Brand worrying about her waitress.

"I guess she couldn't get back, and I've got a big day's work."

"I'll go and look her up," Van Alen offered; but he found that he was not to go alone, for Otto was waiting for him at the gate.

"I ain't got nothin' else to do," the boy said; "everything is held up by the rain."

It was when they came to the little stream that Van Alen had forded the night before that they saw Mazie Wetherell.

"I can't get across," she called from the other side.

The bridge, which had been covered when Van Alen passed, was now washed away, and the foaming brown waters overflowed the banks.

"I'll carry you over," Otto called, and straightway he waded through the stream, and the water came above his high boots to his hips.

He lifted her in his strong arms and brought her back, with her bright hair fluttering against his lips, and Van Alen, raging impotently, stood and watched him.

It seemed to him that Otto's air was almost insultingly triumphant as he set the girl on her feet and smiled down at her. And as she smiled back, Van Alen turned on his heel and left them.

Presently he heard her running after him lightly over the sodden ground.

And when she reached his side she said: "Your book was wonderful."

"But he carried you over the stream."

Her eyes flashed a question, then blazed. "There, you've come back to it," she said. "What makes you?"

"Because I wanted to carry you myself."

"Silly," she said; "any man could carry me across the stream—but only you could write that chapter in the middle of the book."

"You liked it?" he cried, radiantly.

"Like it?" she asked. "I read it once, and then I read it again—on my knees."

Her voice seemed to drop away breathless. Behind them Otto Brand tramped, whistling; but he might have been a tree, or the sky, or the distant hills, for all the thought they took of him.

"I wanted to beg your pardon," the girl went on, "for what I said the other day—it is a great thing to write a book like that—greater than fighting a battle or saving a life, for it saves people's ideals; perhaps in that way it saves their souls."

"Then I may sleep in the canopy bed?" His voice was calm, but inwardly he was much shaken by her emotion.

Her eyes, as she turned to him, had in them the dawn of that for which he had hoped.

"Why not?" she said, quickly. "You are greater than your grandfather—you are—" She stopped and laughed a little, and, in this moment of her surrender, her beauty shone like a star.

"Oh, little great man," she said, tremulously, "your head touches the skies!"



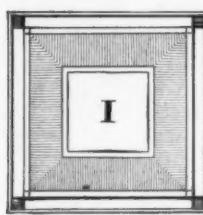
A free night's lodging for the unemployed at the New York Municipal Lodging House

Out of a Job—News of the Unemployed

The second of three articles describing the case of the idle workman

By ARTHUR RUHL

II—The Workers Concerned. Part I



IN THE preceding article the question was asked and not answered—it seemed better first to show something of the extent of unemployment—"Who, then, are the unemployed?" Where are they? What is the human meaning of these abstractions one finds in the newspapers so frequently nowadays? "Unusual conditions brought about by high-interest rates"—"building construction practically at a standstill"—what, for instance, may that mean? Well, this is what it means:

A man whom I will call Dave Ullman is a sheet-metal worker. That is to say, he helps put in the shafts through which air is fanned into restaurants and skyscrapers, or to set up those cornices which, painted brown or gray to imitate stone, assist in making apartment-houses hideous. But they are not building many apartment-houses now. There is—or at least was, when I ran across Ullman in March—practically no building at all. They were merely finishing up big jobs already under way—the Singer Building, for instance, the Metropolitan Tower in Madison Square, things which filled the imagination and made one feel that much was being done.

A little over a year ago Ullman got married. He was making \$4 a day then—what you might call a "typical, self-respecting American working man." He took a little flat in West One Hundred and Thirty-third Street—up where the rents are cheaper, the air good, the asphalt new, and the New York of Broadway and Fifth Avenue so far off that a man who can pay \$15 a month for an apartment is as good as anybody. Ullman's apartment cost \$13—clean street and hallways, electric bells, plenty of light, the same thing you would pay \$40 for further downtown.

Last summer, a few weeks before the panic and the first baby came, he lost his job. He was two months to the bad, therefore, when the real pinch came. Then came doctor's bills and the innumerable little expenses which a baby brings—and, of course, rent and grocer's bills always running on. Since then, for eight months running, he had not been able to get work at his regular trade.

How to Live on Nothing

NOW, eight months is a long time to live "on what you've got left." When I ran across Ullman he had just got his union to advance him \$15 for the rent. Of course, a man doesn't do that—let the other men know how hard up he is—until pretty near the end of his string. The sheet-metal workers pay a death benefit of \$100, but they pay no out-of-work benefits, and it is only the present necessity which permits members to borrow from what is called the "defense fund." This is intended for strike benefits, but there are no labor troubles now, and it was decided that men could borrow \$15, and in cases of absolute necessity more, but no one could have more than \$30. When Ullman got his loan, which, so he told the other men, "kept him from being

thrown out in the street anyhow"—\$1,500 of the defense fund had been loaned in this way. That is to say, 100 other men were in more or less the same box as Ullman. Of the 2,400 men in that union, 1,400, about 60 per cent, were then out of work, and had been, most of them, for several months.

I went up to call on the Ullmans a night or two ago—up to five hundred and something West One Hundred and Thirty-somethingth Street. It sounds like a joke, but isn't any joke to the Ullmans. The apartment was almost bare, the carpets, and everything that could be turned into cash, gone. Dave himself had gone down to the corner to see some of the boys, after loafing round the flat with a bad cold most of the afternoon. Mrs. Ullman apologized for the appearance of what was left.

"When you know your husband is coming home at night," she said with a slight accent, "you keep things



Waiting at City Hall for a chance to work on the streets of Cincinnati

up. But when there's no work, and he's around the house all day, you get—aw—kinda disheartened."

She was a buxom, pretty, dark-eyed young Austrian who had lived most of her life in this country. The baby, fat and giggling, hung over her left arm.

"He's an unlucky baby," she smiled. "He was born in October."

The child, however, apparently declined to admit this, although under the impression, Mrs. Ullman said, that I was his father. It was her first child. People said it was easy getting married and having babies, but it wasn't. How could anybody get along in times like this—no work since last summer? Her husband would take anything—the day before he'd got a job distributing some advertising post-cards—five cents a hundred. Maybe I knew of something. When I mentioned the union she thought maybe that's what I had come for. And had she found anything to do! Oh, she never worked—she'd always lived at home with her folks until she got married.

Something of the domestic comedy here, evidently—love's young dream tested shrewdly, unfairly almost; too near the breaking point to be comic at all if this

young lord and master remained much longer idle and this young wife's standards had to be further lowered. Well, how *had* they managed to get along all this time, if she didn't mind telling?

The young woman shrugged her shoulders and looked meaningfully round the room. They had a little saved up, of course, but that was spent some time ago. Dave had borrowed from friends and got a few odd jobs now and then, but nothing lasted long. He had had a diamond ring, too, and—with the hand that was round the baby she reached over and touched her right arm, where the wrapper fell away from it—she had had a gold bracelet, given to her when they were married. That had helped for a while.

I have told about the Ullmans because their case is uncomplicated by illness, accident, injury, broken strength, and all those cumulative miseries which you can find so easily by merely stepping over to the nearest charity organization and listening to the stories of any day's applicants as their turn comes in the line; because they are typical of that large class—cheerful, careless, improvident even, in times of prosperity—who never go to the charity organizations until at the last gasp, and whom almost no one knows about except the tenement owner's agent, the corner grocer who lets their bill run on, the secretary of their local union, or the friends who lend a dollar here and there.

Pinochle and Patience

YOU will find them all over town these days—not in such crowds as herded into Union Square a few weeks ago when some half-mad Russian blew himself up with his own bomb—but playing pinochle in the headquarters of their union, hanging round the door downstairs or in the half-lit hallways—joking, growling, arguing, wondering why. Yes, they say, but what do *you* think the reason is? God knows, as Mr. Taft replied when asked how he would give work when there was no work to give—that being the easiest answer. Or, perhaps, you begin some platitudinous singsong about these things coming along every ten or fifteen years, overspeculation, unsound methods, overproduction. "Overproduction" they say, innocently. "They can't be no such thing as that. They's always plenty to use the stuff if they can get it." Then some one comes in with a tale about work—up at Peekskill, Poughkeepsie, heaven knows where. It becomes—this work—like gold to prospectors, like good grazing to cattle men driving their herds up into the mountains for the summer—a thing to hit on by chance, to trace by rumor, to track, as you would game.

"Your ticket'll cost you \$1.65. You take the Central, and get off there at the yards and walk up the hill to the right until you get to the shop. Ask for Mr. Rafferty." The men listen anxiously, ask what tools they want to take along, decide, some of them, to go. The next day, generally, they're back again, growling, joking, playing pinochle, waiting for something to turn up. After all, it takes a good deal of initiative—like going to the Yukon on a rumor of gold. And—"probably they was nothin' in it anyway."

Why don't they get some other kind of work, shovel snow, empty ashes, anything to get along? Well, for one reason, a city-bred man is a specialist. He is not a backwoodsman, able to build his house, capture his food, take care of himself wherever he may be. He is one little cog depending on thousands of other little cogs, and he can't move easily away from his own orbit. And with a hundred thousand or so idle men in a city, these handy odd jobs are not so frequent as you might think. Another and quite as important reason is that skilled workmen—masons, carpenters, metal-workers,

printers, lithographers, binders, silver-polishers, and the rest—have pride just as men in professions do. They are almost as absurd as literary and artistic people, who, as everybody knows, will live in garrets and starve themselves and their wives and children rather than do anything but try to write the plays they can't write, or paint the pictures they haven't the ability to paint.

What is true of the sheet-metal worker, whom I have mentioned because I happened to know him and he was closest at hand, is true of thousands of other families in New York, in Chicago, in Cleveland, in Pittsburgh—everywhere in the track of the storm. These people are not yawning nor running into open squares to join dilettante Socialists in singing the "Marseillaise." They—and their employers, too, and one can not neglect the part that the latter have played in keeping men at work whenever possible, even on part time, rather than throw them out altogether—are meeting a situation which no one fully understands and for which there is no immediate remedy, but from which all suffer more or less, bravely, ingeniously, and as best they can. They cut down expenses to bedrock, they shift from one sort

of work to another, they sell, pawn, borrow—heaven knows what, but they live.

And now for the unemployed that you do hear about. When the pressure is applied, the first to feel it acutely is that large class whose normal condition is that of just about keeping above the level of self-support. I use the adjective "acute" only as it describes degrees of exceedingly simple physical distress—like going without food or shelter—not in reference to the anguish of those compelled for the moment to give up 120 horse-power motor cars for hansom-cabs, or to substitute legitimate business for the more picturesque and exciting maneuvers possible in easier times. People of middle-class incomes plod on serenely, practically the same as before: organized labor-workers, accustomed to strikes and seasonal sags, generally have means of keeping afloat for some time; and the bottom stratum, vagrants and professional bread-liners, who were out of work before the squeeze and will be out of work after it, can scarcely be considered among the acutely unemployed.

The Problem of the Immigrant

BUT the laborers and unskilled factory workers, all sorts of small wage-earners with families, at once find themselves face to face with the imminent problem of getting-to-morrow's food. Take an immigrant, for instance—of just the sort of Poles or Hungarians who, down in South Chicago recently, rioted almost in thousands for work that could not be given to more than a few hundred. This man, unable to speak English, knowing nothing except what he sees in front of his nose, elects to arrive in the land of the free and the home of the brave in the happy month of October, 1907, just as the panic is at its height. When every employer is sitting as tight as he can and cutting down expenses to bedrock, building and transportation ceasing as far as possible, when capable English-speaking working men are unable to find work, what chance has such a man as this? About as much as a snowball in the Sahara, evidently. And yet here he is, and his wife and his brood of half-nourished children, and he must be taken care of somehow.

The obvious question is—why should he be here? Nobody asked him—who let him in? It looks almost like an argument for restricting immigration, but this article is not argument. It merely reports things seen and heard. One of the charity organizations opened a new branch in South Chicago last winter for the special purpose of taking care of such people—of whom, together with other workers out of employment in the "south end," there was thought to be about 10,000. When I was in Chicago a few weeks ago the woman in charge of the office told me that these new immigrants were living principally on the entrails of slaughtered animals, which they purchased in ten-cent lots, and subsisted on for several days. Possibly they prefer the insides to the outsides of animals even in times of prosperity—are the present sorrows of Mr. C. W. Morse, for instance, to be increased by the belief that his ingenious methods of finance have driven Mr. and Mrs. Czakaziz, of "down below the yards" in Chicago, to breakfast on the appendix of a Texas steer?—one doesn't want to appear melodramatic. And certainly the Polaks were spending most of the little they could rake and scrape in drink, even then. Still one scarcely likes to think of building up American citizens on such fare. One tiny grocery store down there had \$800 worth of goods out on account, and some of the Huns asked, when work for a few days was found for them at \$1.50 a day, if they couldn't be paid at the rate of twenty-five cents a day, lest, all being very hungry, their families should eat up the whole \$1.50 at once.

Such people represent, to be sure, the cruder, coarser element of the hand-to-mouth type. In the preceding article it was shown how a higher, more American, class of casual laborers—that nomadic horde which drifts to and from Chicago, building railroads, cutting lumber and ice, harvesting the wheat of the West—was driven in upon itself by the stoppage of casual work, until, in the month of February, there were 20,000 homeless men lodged by the city, where 1,000 were lodged the year before. A still higher, more normal stratum of this same general hand-to-mouth type—in so far as "normal" signifies having a permanent abiding place, a family and regular work—is that which, in such a time as this, supplies most of the cases under the care of the charity societies.

All Classes and Conditions Jobless

TO THIS class, also, illness, old age, and accident may bring those accustomed to a standard of living far above the sink-or-swim level—men whose brief little single-handed battles are told in such paragraphs as this, for instance, which I quote from notes of recent cases investigated by one of the charity organizations in New York:

"—is a designer of jewelry. He was employed at \$25 a week by one of the large firms on Fifth Avenue, but was laid off in the fall because of the dull season. At that time the baby had just been born. His wife was very ill, and he was finally obliged to ask for aid. Food, fuel, and rent were given. As the man was willing to accept any kind of work, he later found employment in a department store as a packer at \$9 a week for the Christmas holidays. He lost this after three weeks. He was idle for many weeks, although he made every effort to obtain work. Help was given to his wife and baby. They have a very nice, comfortable home, which they would have lost had it not been for the help given. He now has a position as a painter, and is able to provide for his family. We are hoping that before long he will be able to go back to his own work, which is far more profitable."

There are cases like this at all times, and innumerable such last winter, but the run of families which are forced to the charity organizations are those to whom \$25 per week and clean work in a Fifth Avenue jewelry store would seem almost effete: drivers, longshoremen,

waiters and cooks in little restaurants, coal-shovelers and the like. This classification of 115 cases assisted by a Chicago society in February—out of 150 investigated, 115 were out of work—gives a fair notion of the way the occupations run:

Laborers, 23; teamsters, 13; painters, 6; wood finishers, 6; carpenters, 5; clerks, 3; foundry-workers, 3; machinists, 2; blacksmiths, 2; janitors, 2; engineers, 2; barmen, 2; cooks, 2; bakers, 2; fireman, 1; trunkmaker, 1; cigarmaker, 1; switchman, 1; canvasser, 1; printer,

1; teacher, 1; ironworker, 1; bartender, 1; hodcarrier, 1; roofer, 1; section hand, 1; stonecutter, 1; millwright, 1; shipping-clerk, 1; weaver, 1; glovemaking, 1. And of the women: washers and scrubbers, 13; seamstresses, 9; restaurant helpers, 2; clerk, 1.

The general term "men out of work" includes, of course, women out of work too. In the next article various phases of the women's side of the unemployment situation will be considered.



Mark Twain off Duty

MARK TWAIN has a keen liking for children and a deep respect for donkeys. That these feelings are reciprocated is clear to the Bermudians, who have seen him recently strolling about the white coral roads beside the cart in which a little friend holds the guiding reins. As a rule Mr. Clemens does not ride; he prefers to walk and commune with the donkey's ears, which

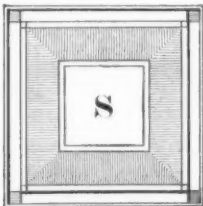
have a remarkable power of expression. When he grows tired he climbs up on the seat to rest.

There was one little girl at the hotel in Hamilton who found life extremely dull until Mark Twain appeared; thereafter she was content because, as he expressed it, "she had found some one of her own age to play with." Mr. Clemens was only 72 last November.

Val le Morte

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Part II



STEVEN stood upright on the brink of the valley, rigid and tingling with fear. Yet he was accounted as brave a knight as bore arms in that day. As to the young lad when he had first stood in that place the acrid smell of cypress and yew and box came up to Steven's nostrils, and with it a cold breath of unutterable, unimaginable horror. Had he happened otherwise upon the adventure, he would have run from the spot trembling, as even a brave man may, for very fright; but even with the chill horror which rose and enveloped him, shaking his bones, came another thing, a woman's face bright against the darkness, smiling with beautiful trustful eyes. Out of the wind which bore past him a voice whispered and called:

"We lean upon your strength, Steven," it said, "Troilus and I!"

He took a great breath.

"The lad is in some devilish peril below there," he said to himself. "I must succor him." Also he said a hasty little prayer. Then he shifted his shield to his back by the slings which held it, and he took his sword in his right hand and began to descend the steep bank of the ravine.

It was slow work in the gloom and slower in that he must go silently. More than his own peril hung upon his work this night. Foothold after foothold he felt for and tested and risked, grip after grip of hand upon bush or rock. He went for greater safety with his face toward the bank down which he crept. Then at last his feet came upon level earth and he took a great breath of relief and turned about.

He stood among tall, smooth trees. Where he was there was profound gloom, but before him, in the midst of the gully, burned the fire which had first caught his eye, filling the night there with a leaping radiance. Taking heed to his feet, Steven went forward through the trees toward that blazing fire.

It chanced that, moving cautiously and seeking all possible shelter, he came very near the open space before his eyes caught full sight of what was there. He halted to look scarce three spears' length away.

In the bright light of the fire young Troilus stood erect, his face lifted so that he looked upward. The face was wrung and tortured. Man's two natures fought there very bitterly. His arms he held out at a little angle from his sides, stiff and straight, the hands

hard-gripped. And upon Troilus's breast clung and laughed and wept and murmured a woman, a slim maid. Her back was toward the man who stood in darkness among the sheltering trees. He could see only that she was slender and very lithe, that her white arms clung to and caressed the lad before her, that she was garbed in something which glittered. The distance was too great for him to hear the words she spoke. Only the tone of her voice reached him. It coaxed, pleaded, besought, tempted.

Steven moved forward into the firelight. His feet made no sound upon the mossy earth, and for the first instant young Troilus did not see him. Then it chanced that his eyes wavered and he became aware of his uncle, still and silent, clad in shirt of mail, shield on back and sword in hand. He must have thought it a vision come in his extremity to haunt him, for one hand rose slowly to his staring eyes and covered them.

Then he gave a hoarse, sobbing cry, saying:

"Steven! Steven!"

The woman who clung to him whirled sharply about. She shrieked once and once again. She caught her hands to her mouth and backed away to the very marge of the leaping fire, and she crouched there staring.

"Steven! Steven!" whispered Troilus, swaying on his feet. He stretched out his stiff arms and took a step forward. But Steven held up a hand to check him.

"Wait, boy!" said he. He did not stir his eyes from that woman who crouched by the fire. He saw that she was young, as she had seemed with her back turned—young, and, in her strange fashion, very beautiful. He saw that she had a great quantity of straight black hair, unbound so that it hung in strands before and behind her shoulders; wisps of it fell across her long eyes. He saw that the skin of her face and neck and of her bare arms was even in that yellow light oddly pallid, without any color at all, but that her mouth was red as a red flower, full-lipped and a little open. She was clad in one garment of cloth of gold, very thin, veil-like—so thin that as she moved the round shape of her slim body gleamed white through the shimmering texture.

She stared at him, crouching there, and presently, staring still, rose to her feet and stood upright, her arms drooping to her sides.

"Sir—Steven—of the—Out Isles!" the red mouth said, whispering. Steven took a step forward.

"And you—lady?" said he. "You?"

"I am Fraise le Fay, Steven," said the girl, and raised her head, fronting him boldly. Fraise le Fay—Morgan's daughter," said she. The man's mind

flashed back to the book of the clerk of Holy Shield and the words he had read therein but three days back. He pointed a finger to where Troilus stood aside.

"And this lad," said he. "What is it you would have of him, sorceress?"

"His soul, Steven," she said oddly. "Such as I have none. I must have a soul, and it is destined that I have his."

"Not while I live," said Steven of the Out Isles. "Not while I live."

The maid laughed; but not, it would seem, in mirth. She came a little forward toward the man. She moved with an odd grace as a dancer moves or an animal, not in sudden jerks; and, as she moved, those rounding contours of her slim body came and went white through the gold of her garment.

"How shall such as you stand in my way?" she said. "It is Fate, Sir Steven le Noir—destiny written and determined before you lived or your grandfather or his grandfather—when first I was begotten and born of a devil and a fay—when first I was shut into that rock yonder to await this waking. How shall such as you stand in Fate's way?"

"I do not know how," said the man. "but somehow in some fashion, I shall save him. I have sworn that he shall go unharmed while I live."

She laughed again and put out one white hand as if she would touch his breast with it, but the man started quickly back, and he held up the hilt of his sword as one might hold up a cross.

"In God's name!" he cried out. "Avoid me," said he, "by Christ's Holy Rood!" And at that the maid shrank back cowering, and her face twisted as if she suffered pain.

Young Troilus dropped upon his knees with a groan and hid his face in his hands, but the other two did not heed him.

"You—may save yourself," said the woman, looking under her brows at Steven le Noir. "Yourself you may save, but not him. Things ancient and mighty and greater than man have given him to me. They are stronger than you with your gods and your crosses."

"Yet," said he bravely, "God will show me a way."

"What way?" she mocked. "What way?"

"I do not know," said Steven. "I wait." Again he raised the cross-hilt of his sword, and his lips stirred in prayer.

The maid fell to wheedling, coaxing, brought to the argument those lures a woman has ever ready to tempt with. Steven's eyes were blind to her, his ears deaf.

He turned sharply to where Troilus knelt trembling, his face in his hands.

"Up, lad, and away from this vile place!" he said, clapping a hand upon the boy's shoulder.

"Away!" said he. "Come with me, lad! Come home!" Behind him the woman cried out words strange to Steven's ears. Thereafter she laughed, high and shrill, a very mocking laugh.

"Aye, take him, Steven!" laughed Morgan's daughter. "Take him—if you can!" Steven shook the boy's shoulder with his hands. The boy looked up dully, and the face was without comprehension or intelligence—a sleeper's face, or an imbecile's.

A great burst of rage flared in the man's heart, and he swung about, white-faced, with set teeth.

"You foul and sorceress hag!" he cried. "You devil in fair flesh!" The woman stood beside the fire laughing. He ran at her with his sword, but she laughed on, and did not move.

"Aye, Steven!" said she. "Cut me down! Slay me!"

The sword was in air over her head, but suddenly the man's arm was held by some strange power, so that he could not stir it. And so for a long moment they stood, very close, looking into each other's eyes. Presently, Steven's arm holding the sword dropped to his side. It was numb and well-nigh helpless. Once again he strove to raise it against the sorceress, but he could not.

She left off her mocking laughter. "You can not save him, Steven," she said, very gravely, half under her breath. "He is mine. Fate has given him to me. You can not save him. It is not I who combats you, it is destiny."

"I will save him even from that," said the man. His eyes widened with a sudden thought, and once more he turned to that kneeling figure. From Troilus's side he looked to the slim white girl by the fire.

"It were better a man should lose his life than his soul," said he. "Release this lad from your spell or I will kill him with my sword. I can not slay you, but him I may slay. At least I shall have kept his soul from damnation."

At that she cried out sharply: "Wait! Wait!" and he held his hand.

She knelt upon the ground close to the edge of the

fire, which had by now burned down to embers and shed a dimmer, redder glow in the night. And she sat back upon her heels and was silent for a little time, staring into the heart of the glowing coals. Presently she turned her head and held out an arm.

"Come!" said she. "Come, Steven, let us talk of the matter."

"I will not treat with you," he said. "Release him or he dies by my sword."

Again she waited for a little time silent, and again after it she said:

"Come! It will harm neither Troilus nor you."

Then slowly, with stern face, he left the lad and came before her where she crouched.

The woman turned her face to the fire, and the fire-light reddened it with a warm glow and burned warmly in her long eyes.

"You set great store by a soul, Steven," she said at last, musingly as it were.



Steven le Noir surprises Troilus and Fraisne le Fay

"Aye," said Steven. "Great store."

"And yet," she said, "you can tell me very little of this precious jewel for the sake of which you would do unnatural murder. What is this soul-thing, Steven, which is of so much dearer worth than life? Have you seen it, touched it, held it in your hand?"

"It is invisible," said he. "It is the precious breath of God."

"Who told you that?" she asked, looking into the fire.

"There was no need," said he, "that I be told. I know." The woman gave a little low laugh.

"You know much more than any other man," she said. "You are wondrous wise, my friend. And so," she said after a silence, "and so, for this thing which you have not seen nor touched, but which you believe to be a breath, you would slay that lad yonder, your kinsman! One must be very, very sure that he knows to do that."

The man took a deep breath, but he did not answer.

"A soul!" said she. "A something invisible—perhaps. Perhaps a nothing. Who shall say? There are other things, Steven—other wonderful things, strange, glorious, unknown to such as you—undreamt of. I could give him those things. Who shall say that they are not better than your puff of breath—your something that you can not show me? There are other worlds, Steven, than this puny, plodding, work-a-day world—other splendid worlds. I could take him there. Who are you to say that his soul is worth more to him?"

"And yet," said Steven le Noir, "you have drawn him hither to rob him of it. Why, since these wonders

of yours are so glorious and so fair, should you wish to take from him his poor soul?"

She laughed again, softly, under her breath.

"That destiny be fulfilled, Steven," said she. "That Fate take her course. It is fated that through me and him England shall be torn asunder and re-knit in another fashion—perchance a better one. The thing is not in our hands, it was wrought into the warp of destiny while Arthur still sat upon his throne. Who are you and I that we should check destiny's wheels? Come! Have done with this! You can not fight against me."

Still the man did not speak, but stared dully upon the ground before him. Morgan's daughter stretched one white arm behind her into the gloom that was without the fire's circle. She threw something upon the embers and a flame leaped high in air. The smooth boles of the nearby trees sprang suddenly into view like live things rushing to attack.

"Steven!" said the witch maid in a low voice. His gloomy eyes rose to hers.

"What do you love most in the world, Steven?" she asked. The man's face writhed and was still again.

"I will not tell you," said he.

"Yet," she said, "I know, and it is a woman. Tell me! Do you love her better than your soul's salvation or do you cherish the more this invisible breath you prate of?"

The man's voice shook and trembled.

"Oh, better than a thousand souls had I them!" said he. And at that she gave a sudden little cry.

"Then," she cried, with an edge of anger in her tone, "how dare you judge for that lad yonder which he shall possess, me or his paltry soul? How dare you who love your lady better than a thousand souls slay him if he love me better than but one? Come, my stern arbiter, let him speak for himself! I will free him from his sleep and we will let him choose. How dare you choose for him?"

She was for springing to her feet, but the man checked her with lifted hand.

"I will not trust you," he said. "You have set a spell upon him, wrapped him in sorceries. Though you free him from sleep you will not free him from your chains."

She sat back again upon her heels, and for a space watched him sullenly under her dark brows. At last she said:

"Then you will slay him, Steven? You, his uncle, the man who has played father to him, you will slay him as he sleeps there. Then, doubtless, you will bear his body back to Penmarch, back to the boy's mother and wake her from her bed, saying: 'Here is your son, lady! I have killed him with my sword!—You will do that, friend?'"

Steven gave an exceedingly bitter groan and hid his face with his hands.

Presently the maid dragged herself nearer to him over the ground. Kneeling, she touched his knee, and he uncovered his eyes.

"Look upon me, Steven!" she said pleading. She spread out her two arms, crouching before him in the firelight.

"Look well, Steven!" she said, whispering. "Am I not such as a man might love? You should know who love so truly! Which would he choose, that boy yonder, his soul or me?" The red light fell upon her upturned face, and upon one outflung arm and upon one side of her slim round body, and she was very beautiful.

"Could not a man love me, Steven," she said, "even better than his little soul? Could he not?"

With all his great simple strength he hated and feared her, and had it been possible he would have slain her where she knelt, but withal he was honest, too, and the honesty in him paid unwilling tribute to this creature's splendid beauty. There could be no doubt which that poor bewitched lad yonder would choose even were the spell to be lifted from him.

"Could not a man love me, Steven?" she begged, again touching his knee with her hand.

"Aye, sorceress," said he, "to his eternal damnation." And the witch-maid smiled at him in the red firelight.

"What is damnation, Steven?" she said whispering. "Is it bitter or is it sweet?"

"It is both, sorceress," said he.

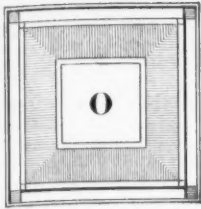
She drew back from his gloomy eyes, sitting upon her heels, and once more turned her head to stare into the pulsing fire.

"Eh, Steven," she said presently, with a little low laugh, "though I be fay and not woman, till I shall have mated with mortal man, yet I find in me a most womanish perversity. You loathe and hate me with all your heart, do you not, Steven? Yet I would it had been you who waked me from my long sleep and not that half-grown simpleton yonder. I would it had been you," she sighed.

"But Fate foreordained," she said, "must be fulfilled: the ancient prophecy be brought to pass."

(Concluded on page 34)

The "Albany's" Prize Gunners



ON MARCH 10 the United States cruiser *Albany* dropped anchor in San Diego Harbor, California, after completing one of the most remarkable target practises ever made. Two new world's records for naval gunnery had been established, one for the five-inch gun, with six hits out of six shots, four striking in the bull's-eye, a section of the target three feet square, and the other for the three-pounder class, with ten hits out of ten shots in 22 seconds. In both cases the target was 20 x 21 feet, and placed at a distance of 1,600 yards. With her main battery she scored the first fifty-five shots out of fifty-six shots made, while the vessel was steaming at the rate of ten knots an hour.

The *Albany's* remarkable record was made at Magdalena Bay on February 12, while the cruisers *Charleston*, *Milwaukee*, *St. Louis*, and *Buffalo*, under the command of Rear-Admiral Swinburne, were on the firing range. It was not until her arrival at San Diego that the full particulars of her work became known, as well as the difficulties under which it was carried out. Chief among them was the fact that the crew of the *Albany* was new to the ship, having only been assigned to her six months before. In addition, practically every gunner was suffering with a freshly vaccinated and swollen arm.

The *Albany* left the Bremerton Navy Yard on the 21st of last August, after being laid up for three years, following her return from a long cruise in Chinese waters. The crew which went aboard her in August was the old crew of the *Boston*, that ship going out of commission at the same time.

This crew had already become famous for its proficiency in gunnery, having broken the world's record the year previous. When the men were transferred to their new ship they took with them not only the "Boston spirit," but the trophy they had won for their accurate firing—a bronze plate presented by President Roosevelt, showing a group of sailors operating a huge gun. In an outburst of enthusiasm, one of the gunners tore the reenlistment stripe from the sleeve of his blouse and pinned it across one corner of the trophy, thereby pledging it for another year. This was the cue to his mates, and it served its purpose well.

Six months of hard, uneventful routine service followed off the coast of Salvador. But never did interest in the coming target practise at Magdalena wane. As the time for defending the trophy drew near, excitement was at top pitch. Finally, the day for coaling arrived. The fuel was taken on board in sacks at La Union, Salvador, and after it had been safely stored in the bunkers it was learned for the first time that the crew had been exposed to smallpox on the Central American coast.

That was very near the death-blow to the *Albany's* hope of winning the trophy a second time. The crew was ordered to be vaccinated immediately, and Magdalena Bay seemed too remote to be considered.

But the old "Boston spirit" showed itself ten days later. The *Albany* arrived at Magdalena Bay on schedule time for target practise, but with sixteen gunners almost entirely disabled as a result of vaccination, and with the others in no condition for record-breaking work. The men, however, stood together and pleaded—many of them with tears streaming down their faces—with Captain Mayo and the ship's surgeon to be allowed to go out on the range and do their best. When the permission to do this was granted the crew went wild. What followed was perhaps as wonderful a demonstration as any ever put on record of what American spirit can accomplish when once it is stirred.

As the cruiser took her place on the firing-line, Rear-Admiral Swinburne went aboard her from the *Charleston*. Ensign C. A. Woodruff opened up with one of the five-inch guns in her main battery, in order to locate the distance, making six hits out of as many shots. This had the effect of encouraging the others. Gunners Praul and La Mar followed, each making six hits, in 29 and 27½ seconds, respectively. Of these twelve shots, six struck the bull's-eye. Gunners Grandholme and Christiansen then took their turns, scoring six apiece.

So far thirty hits out of thirty shots had been made, and the greatest enthusiasm existed among the men. Already the record made by the other four cruisers had

An Account of the Capture of a World's Record at Target Practise at Magdalena Bay

By JOHN L. MARTIN

been surpassed. But they were not to stop at that. Gunners Grandmason and Kenny were next up, and made twelve clean shots, in 27 and 26½ seconds. Following these, Gunners Harper and Nygaard scored twelve hits, in 25 and 26 seconds.



Prize gunners of the "Albany's" main and secondary batteries. Gunner Silik, who hit a 20 x 21-foot target at 1,600 yards with a three-pounder ten times out of ten shots in 22 seconds, is third from the left on the bridge

The port gun battery then opened up, and Gunners Corrigan and Maroney made eleven hits. Corrigan registering the first miss in the practise. This made sixty-five hits out of sixty-six shots.

The second round of the practise began with the starboard battery, Ensign Marston picking up the officers' range and scoring six hits. Gunners Downing and Waterman followed with six hits apiece. Gunner Keen then made six hits, but Gunner Dunn only succeeded in making four. Gunners Cassity, Anderson,

Farmer, and Hawkins closed the practise for the main battery, making six hits apiece. The work of Farmer and Hawkins may never be equalled. Both gunners are under twenty years of age, being the youngest men on board, but put four shots each in the bull's-eye, 1,600 yards away.

But the record of the main battery was immediately overshadowed by that of the three-pounders in the secondary battery. In operating a three-pounder, remember that the gunner has to steady it with his shoulder, thereby making accurate firing more difficult. Under these conditions, Gunners Silik and Bunce each punctured a 20 x 21-foot target at 1,600 yards ten times out of ten shots, in 22 seconds. Silik's shooting was more remarkable than Bunce's, for the reason that he used the "closed key" method. By this method the key is kept pulled constantly, and the shell explodes as soon as it enters the chamber.

None of the guns in the secondary battery took for the sets of ten shots over 30 seconds. This was largely due to the fact that they had been provided with sights made on board by Ensign F. N. Ecklund, who was dissatisfied with those furnished by the Ordnance Department of the Navy, and, consequently, had discarded them.

Ensign Ecklund himself fired the first string of shots to pick up the range, scoring ten hits. The records made by other guns were the following:

No. 1: Sikes, six hits, 29 seconds; Curron, seven hits, 28 seconds.

No. 2: Akers, nine hits, 28 seconds; Carter, six hits, 27 seconds.

No. 3: Coopman, five hits, 30 seconds; Cunningham, eight hits, 27 seconds.

No. 4: Plaifer, five hits, 30 seconds; Arnold, six hits, 29 seconds.

No. 5: Bryne, nine hits, 27 seconds; Carson, eight hits, 29 seconds.

No. 6: Brewer, ten hits, 30 seconds; Hawkins, eight hits, 28 seconds.

No. 7: Canady, seven hits, 29 seconds; Catlin, six hits, 28 seconds.

No. 8: Bishop, nine hits, 29 seconds; Silik, ten hits, 22 seconds.

No. 9: Bunce, ten hits, 22 seconds; Willey, ten hits, 24 seconds.

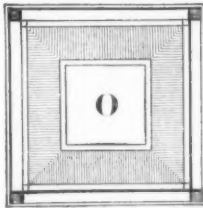
No. 10: Hughes, ten hits, 28 seconds; Hanson, five hits, 29 seconds.

Hanson's work closed the practise. As soon as he had fired the last shot, Rear-Admiral Swinburne ordered the other cruisers to remain on the range, while the *Albany* passed in review. Salutes were fired in her honor by all four cruisers.

The Fleet's Respects to Chile

An Account of the Naval Parade at Valparaiso

By FREDERICK PALMER



OUR stately call at Valparaiso fitted a diplomatic necessity perfectly. We had spent ten days at Rio de Janeiro; we had met the Argentine division at sea and sent our destroyer flotilla to Buenos Ayres. We had coaled at Punta Arenas, on Chilean soil, in the Straits of Magellan. We were going for a ten days' stay at Callao, Peru. Were we not to greet Valparaiso, Chile's great seaport, at all? Chile invited us, but our schedule did not permit us to stop.

The nature of Valparaiso's harbor, a deep, semicircular basin, solved the problem. We gave Valparaiso a naval parade without interfering with our schedule. Of all the compliments the fleet has paid this stands out as most distinctive and splendid, and of all the compliments which any port has returned this was most impressive to us.

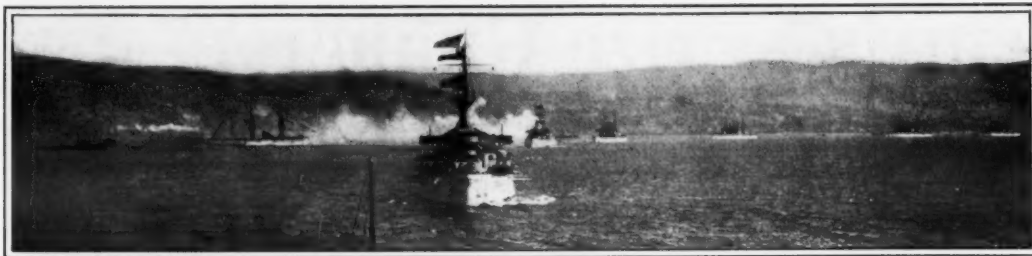
That smart Chilean cruiser, the *Chacabuco*, which met us in the Straits, had been playing the escort first on one quarter and then the other. Two days out of Valparaiso she was joined by three torpedo-boat destroyers, in order to do us more honor and make quite sure that we did not miss being in front of Point Angeles at 2 p. m. on February 14.

At that hour we had an engagement with the people of Valparaiso and of her suburbs and all who came on excursion trains from ranchos in the Andean valleys. We are a show which the youngsters of this generation,

having seen, will describe to their grandchildren in the future. I recall a favorite picture of Nelson departing from Portsmouth for Trafalgar with the people thronging in his path. Our first mail orderly ashore in South American parts knows just how embarrassed Nelson must have felt.

Nation bowing to nation must be prompt. We gave ourselves enough time, and so much to spare that on the night before the speed was reduced to eight knots and on the morning of our arrival to seven. The Admiral, turned stage-manager, did not keep his public waiting a minute. As we approached, the black patches on the hills over the city became crowds. Shortly before two o'clock the guns of Point Angeles opened the spectacle. The gunners of our three-pounder saluting guns were standing by. At a signal from the Admiral's bridge every ship was to fire, at five-second intervals between them, twenty-one guns of a national salute. Simultaneously it was given—"bang—bang—bang"—for the length of the whole column, from the *Connecticut* at the head to the *Kentucky* at the rear. Theatrically, there could be no beating this entrance. In fore-castle slang, it "had the Hippodrome skinned to death." The three-pounders made more smoke with their black powder than a salvo of service charges from all the batteries. From shore it was far more picturesque than target practise at Magdalena Bay will be.

Perhaps the crowds on the housetops, on the terraced drives, and on the water-front were cheering. If so we could not hear them, and so they made the word of welcome plain to our eyes—outlined by the white uni-



The American battleship fleet passing in review before the people of Valparaíso

forms of Chilean sailors on Point Angeles. That majestic column of ships, to which we are as used as to the click of the folding legs of the mess tables or the bugle calls from the forward bridge, was new to the Chileans—a splendid pageant. They had never witnessed such an array of power as that which swept through their harbor. In our turn we saw something which, jaded as the fleet is with ceremonies, was new to us. We had our audience in the orchestras and the gallery tiers in perspective without going ashore to get better acquainted.

That afternoon the sun was bright and grateful, a June day, the classic weather for college commencement, lawn parties, and picnics. We had a stage view of that South American city, courageously rising from desolation, which had been stricken by earthquake even as the city of our destination, San Francisco, had been. Like Rio de Janeiro, Valparaíso is a walled harbor. Rio is walled in tropical luxuriance and ease. Valparaíso

is walled by bare mountains in a hard country which has bred a race of hard fighting men.

Her yards manned, a naval training ship was the most conspicuous feature of the scene. As each ship of the column came abreast of her it was twenty-one guns again, and this time to the head of the Chilean nation, President Montt. We had a glimpse on the pilot house of this man in the high hat and frock coat of republican official preeminence of the Western Hemisphere. So long is our column that the *Connecticut* was well out at sea and back to the business of our practise cruise before the *Kentucky* had ceased firing.

That faithful dragoman, guide, and friend and little sister of the mighty, the *Chacabuco*, was still with us, as were also the destroyers. They ran across our bows and turned. Then they saluted, saying: "Bon voyage!" We saluted, saying: "Good-by!" In the whole ceremony, of course, not an audible word had been exchanged between ship and shore.



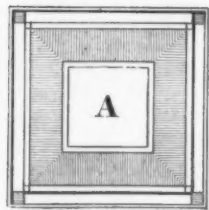
Getting Ready for Summer

At one of Coney Island's biggest spectacle parks elephants are being used to do the heavy work of preparation

The First Pure-Food-Law Conviction

The Case of Robert N. Harper of Washington, D. C.,
Drug-Maker and Banker

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM



AN IMPORTANT case, the first to be tried under the Pure Food and Drugs Act of June 30, 1906, has just been concluded in the police court of the District of Columbia. Robert N. Harper, president of the American National Bank of Washington, president of the Chamber of Commerce, and "leading citizen," has been convicted of misbranding a dangerous drug in defiance of the law of 1906.

In 1887 Harper began the manufacture and sale in Washington of a headache remedy under the name of "Harper's Cephalgine Brain Food." In 1905 Harper decided that his right to use the word "Cephalgine" was not quite clear, and changed the name to "Harper's Brain Food 'Cuforhedake.'" And at the time the Pure Food and Drugs Act went into effect, on January 1, 1907, this name was on the wrappers of the bottles sent out from Harper's laboratory at 467 C Street, N. W.

In the advertising circulars issued by Harper his concoction was described as "the quickest and most harmless relief" for headaches. "The rapidity by which it cures and the after effects being pleasant and without any depression whatever, containing no morphine or poisonous ingredients of any kind, is, I think, sufficient guarantee of its superior qualities." As a matter of fact, the formula for the "dope" had included from the first these ingredients: Alcohol, 24.2 per cent; acetanilid, by weight, 3.1 per cent, or more than 15 grains to the ounce; antipyrin, 1 per cent (about), or 5 grains to the ounce; caffeine, 1.8 per cent, or 10 grains to the ounce; bromids, 8.5 per cent.

30, 1906, there appears to be a question as to my legal right to continue the name 'Brain Food' in describing my headache remedy, on the ground that such remedies are not 'Foods.' . . . I have therefore decided to use in the future the coined word 'Brane-Fude' in describing the remedy, and in doing so will assure every one that no change whatever has been made in the medicinal efficacy of the remedy."

Having done so much, Harper took the additional precaution of visiting the Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture. On the occasion of his first call he inquired of Dr. L. F. Kebler, Chief of the Drug Laboratory, merely in regard to the "arrangement of the label," as it is called. On his second visit Mr. Harper inquired again concerning the "arrangement of the label," and then brought up the use of the term "Cuforhedake." Dr. Kebler gave his personal opinion (not the opinion of the Department, which he had no authority to give) that if there was nothing else misleading on the label the use of this coined word would probably be overlooked. Mr. Harper next brought up the use of the word "Brain Food." Dr. Kebler told him (again giving his personal opinion) that this term was plainly misleading, and that objection was almost certain to be made to it. Mr. Harper then asked his opinion of the coined word "Brane-Fude." Dr. Kebler expressed his personal opinion that the misspelling of the word would make no difference whatsoever.

After the inspector of the Bureau of Chemistry had secured samples of Mr. Harper's "remedy" at a drug store, analyses were made and careful consideration given to Mr. Harper's label and circular, and a case was

From his laboratory Harper sent out this notice:

"Owing to the Food and Drugs law of June

prepared charging him with misbranding under the Food and Drugs Act. According to the procedure of the Department, the druggists who sold the "remedy" were then cited to appear at a hearing. This hearing was for the purpose of giving the parties a fair opportunity to answer all charges and explain away, if possible, the contention of the Government.

The principal counts in the information against Harper were that he advertised his "remedy" as a "brain food," when it contained no nourishment of any kind for the brain, or for any other part of the body, and that he guaranteed his "remedy" to contain "no morphine or poisonous ingredients of any kind," when acetanilid and antipyrin were acknowledged to be poisonous drugs of a dangerous character.

In his circular notice to users, from which quotation has already been made, Harper announced: "I will continue to attend personally to the manufacture of the remedy as heretofore."

Probably the assurance was needed, for by that time Robert N. Harper was busily establishing himself as a "leading citizen." He had organized and made himself president of the American National Bank; he had purchased from the Baltimore "Sun" a fine new office building, in which are now housed his bank and the Interstate Commerce Commission; he had been active in organizing the District Chamber of Commerce; he had served as one of the Commissioners of Pharmacy of the District, as well as president of the Retail Druggists' Association. One

might have pictured Mr. Harper as a man of too many affairs to attend personally to making the remedy, of which, up to the time of the trial, he said over two million small-sized bottles had been sold. But Mr. Harper's own replies to District Attorney Baker at the trial were backed by the testimony of Miss Annie Nelligan, in charge of the Harper laboratory.

Nearly every morning, testified Miss Nelligan, Mr. Harper came to the laboratory, retired to a room from which every one else was excluded, and made his medicine, mixing it in a large can. Then the girls who bottled the stuff went in and dipped it out of the can. Yes, Mr. Harper took care to keep the secret of his "remarkable" remedy in his own hands. In the twenty-one years he had manufactured his remedy, Harper testified that only one unimportant change was ever made in the formula, the substitution, to prevent fermentation, of "saccharin" (benzoyl sulfimid), for sugar. It is beside the mark to point out the saving in cost this substitution effected.

The Effect of Harper's Remedy on the Heart

TO APPRECIATE the dangerous character of that which Mr. Harper advertises as a "harmless relief"—"the after effects being pleasant and without any depression whatever"—a comparison may be made with physicians' prescriptions introduced at the trial. These cover a year at one of Washington's largest drug stores, and show that, of heart depressants (mainly acetanilid), the average amount prescribed was 2.443 grains for each powder, capsule, or dose, and that the average time between doses was 3.172 hours. Compare with this the total amount of acetanilid and antipyrin (both heart depressants) contained in a dose of Harper's "cure"—between five and six grains per dose. A dose may be taken three times within an hour! Hardly a "harmless" remedy.

The testimony on this point is illuminating. Mrs. Josephine Tighe, who had not been ill for five years, and who was suffering from a headache, related her experience under oath:

"I was told of this Cephalgine, and went out and purchased a bottle from the drug store underneath the hotel, and I took a dose of the medicine and I began to get better. My headache was disappearing and I was very sleepy, and I lay probably nearly an hour, and the headache became very much worse, very severe, and I took another dose according to directions on the bottle. I am very careful about taking medicines according to directions. My heart began to palpitate, and I suffered from suffocation. My finger-nails became discolored, and I remember that with great difficulty I managed to get to the electric button and summon the bellboy, who telephoned for me for a physician. The physician came around and gave me a hypodermic of something—I don't know what it was—in the arm, and he waited three-quarters of an hour and gave me another hypodermic. I stayed in bed that day, and he called next day and gave me some liquid—I don't know what it was—and I recovered."

The physician was Dr. Howard H. Barker, who found Mrs. Tighe "in a condition of profound shock; her heart was acting very badly, her pulse was very small and weak, her respiration shallow, her countenance was livid, with bluish discolorations of her fingers and lips." The physician twice gave her strychnia hypodermically.

"What drugs would produce that effect?" asked the United States Attorney.

"I don't know that I can enumerate all of them," replied Dr. Barker. "I know that the drugs that are said to be in this medicine could have produced it."

"What do you refer to, doctor?"

"Antipyrin and acetanilid."

Dr. Larkin W. Glazebrook, a practising physician, who is connected with the Coroner's office in a semi-official capacity, testified concerning the case of a woman, a patient of his, who came to his office "complaining of intense shortness of breath, with marked fatigue upon

the slightest exertion, with tendency to fall off asleep, even though she had just risen in the morning, with a marked and very unusual pallor, with a certain degree of irrational expression, and with a bluish-black condition of her skin, which was most apparent to even a layman."

While under observation by Dr. Glazebrook, the woman became worse; "so much so that I was sent for several times in the middle of the night, when she suffered from attacks of heart weakness, which required the most active hypodermic stimulant, and for several days I was greatly alarmed about her condition."

"What did you treat her for?" asked the United States Attorney.

"I treated her for acetanilid poisoning," replied Dr. Glazebrook.

"Do you know in what form she was taking this acetanilid?"

"Yes, I was shown the bottle from which the liquid was taken."

"What bottle was that?"

"That was the bottle which I found encased in one of those pink wrappers, and it was labeled 'Cure for the headache,' or something like that."

"Harper's?" asked the United States Attorney.

"Yes, I think it was Harper's."

When Howard E. Reed, Deputy United States Marshal, attached a supply of "Harper's Cuforhedake-

Brane-Fude," the drug-seller remarked significantly: "I wonder what the dope fiends will do now?"

At the conclusion of the trial, the jury was out just twenty-five minutes before returning a verdict of guilty.

This significant postscript, quoted from a recent Washington newspaper, remains to be added:

"The Robert N. Harper Company of Washington, D. C., was incorporated in West Virginia by Secretary of State Swisher yesterday. The purpose of the company is to manufacture drugs of all kinds. The capital stock is \$100,000, of which \$200 is paid in. The incorporators are Robert N. Harper, Benjamin S. Minor, Walter R. Spry, I. Miller Kenyon, and Charles C. Tucker, all of Washington."



General view of the fire that destroyed property valued at nearly six million dollars at Chelsea, Massachusetts, on the morning of April 12. The fire gutted a cigar-shaped area some three miles long and three-quarters of a mile broad in the heart of the populous Boston suburb, and made 10,000 persons homeless. So far as known, only three lives were lost in the fire and about fifty persons injured. Relief was offered by cities outside Massachusetts, but Acting-Governor Draper declared that it was not needed



Buildings being dynamited on Broadway, Chelsea, by the Fire Department



Dwellings destroyed by dynamite, guarded by the militia



Volunteers helping to drag a fire-engine to safety after the horses had been killed



Driven from home by the fire, people set up camp in Park Street

The Disastrous Fire at Chelsea, Massachusetts

(See following page)



Winner of the hill-climbing contest at Fort George, in New York City, on April 9. Over a measured course of 1,900 feet, with a standing start, the winning car, driven by Walter White, made a record of 32 1-5 seconds. Last August, the same course was covered in 28 seconds, but with a flying start

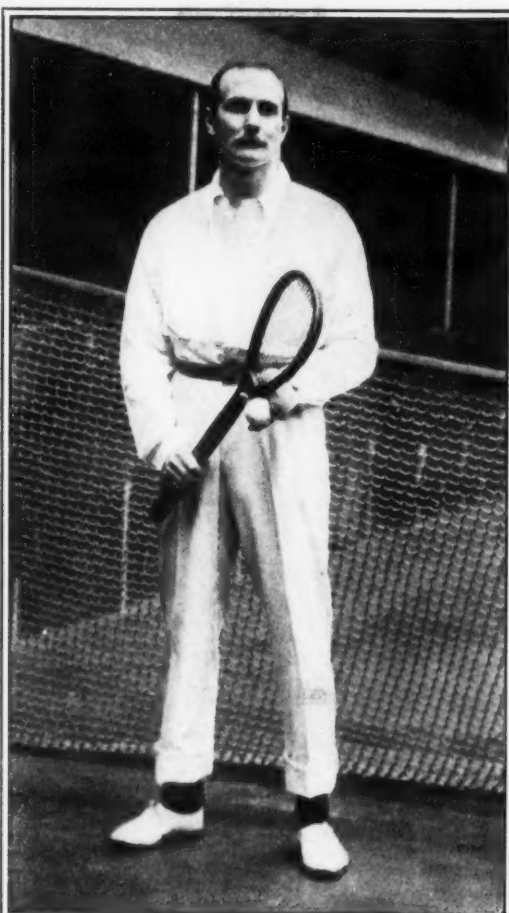


Dr. Robert Koch, the distinguished German bacteriologist, discoverer of the tubercle bacillus, and hygienic expert, and Mrs. Koch, who are now in America. (See page 32)

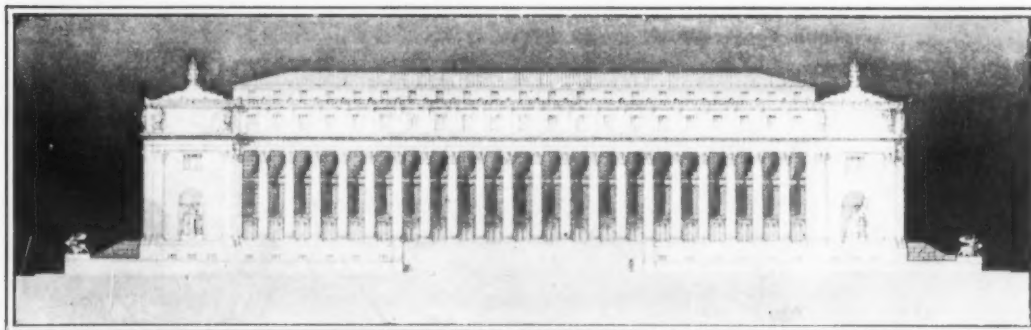


Jay Gould, Court Tennis Champion

At the Racquet and Tennis Club, New York, on April 11, Jay Gould, amateur court tennis champion of America and England, defeated Eustace Miles of London in a fast match, three sets to one. The score by sets was 6-2, 6-4, 1-6, 6-3, 19 games to 15. It is probable that Mr. Gould will go to London later in the year to defend his English title



Eustace Miles, the Defeated English Challenger



The Architects' Design for New York's New Post Office

The new Post Office Building is to be erected on Eighth Avenue, on the two blocks from Thirty-first to Thirty-third Streets, with the principal front on Eighth Avenue, and the facades on the streets, extending back a distance of 335 feet. While the design of the exterior has been carefully studied in its relation to the Pennsylvania Terminal Station, now in process of erection, the object has been to give it a distinctly Governmental character. The question of the proper relation between the two buildings as regards style, material, and scale has also been carefully considered. The principal facade consists of a row of Corinthian columns, terminated at the northern and southern ends by pavilions containing niches. This colonnade corresponds to the public corridor which extends the entire length of the facade. The facades on the streets are a continuation of the same motive, pilasters being used instead of columns, also terminated in a pavilion at the west end. The design was made for the Government by McKim, Mead & White

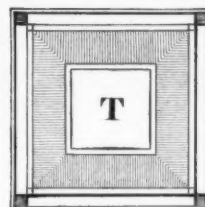
What the World is Doing

A Record of Current Events

Edited by

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

The Calamity at Chelsea



THE greatest American disaster of the present year in property loss, though not in loss of life, befell the city of Chelsea, practically a part of Boston, on April 12. A furious gale, which in itself had done much damage along the coast, was blowing when a fire started among some drying rags on a dumping ground. The storm whipped up the blaze and sent embers flying among the cheap wooden houses in the neighborhood. In an instant the fire had become a conflagration. Burning shingles sailed through the air and started new centres of flame. A swath half a mile wide in parts was cut straight across the city for a mile and a half, and the fire came to a spectacular end with the explosion of the tanks of the Tidewater Oil Company on the water front. Three hundred and fifty acres had been burned over, including the centre of the business section, as well as the homes of ten thousand people. This area was completely razed. A thousand buildings were burned, and the loss was estimated at nearly six million dollars, which is more than Great Britain loses from fires in an entire year. Three lives were lost and fifty persons were injured, but considering the inflammable nature of many of the blocks destroyed and the swift rush of the fire, these casualties were surprisingly small.

Of the total losses churches and schools represented \$525,000, public buildings \$475,000, factories and business blocks \$825,000, and dwellings \$3,750,000. The insurance amounted to \$3,500,000, divided among about eighty companies. It was thought at first that there would be serious distress among the homeless—indeed, with water and food supplies cut off there were twinges of actual famine. But aid came in so promptly from neighboring communities that the suffering was soon relieved. Shelter was provided for all the first night. The Mayor had issued an appeal to the country for help, but on consultation with the Governor this was immediately restricted to the State of Massachusetts. Before the embers were cold plans were on foot for the reconstruction of the burnt district on an improved scale.

Canada's Immigrants

PENDING the proposed removal of the Doukhobors from Canada to Tahiti the question what to do with them becomes an ever deeper puzzle to the Dominion. Peter Veregin, a leader of the sect, has made the remarkable discovery that the climate of the Northwest is too cold for a people subject to periodical fits of repugnance to clothes. He proposes to take all his followers to British Columbia, if he can get enough land for them. But even British Columbia, while mild for people of normal habits, would be inclement at times for those without any protection from the elements. Seventy-six Doukhobor prisoners at Fort William and Port Arthur, men and women, have burned their clothes and refuse to eat anything but fruit and peanuts. Commenting on these facts, Mr. Hanna, the Provincial Secretary of Ontario, told the Legislature that the prisoners were "without food, without clothing, and without common

SANITOL

TOOTH & TOILET PREPARATIONS

are today used exclusively in over a million American homes. The test of actual use has convinced every member of the family that a certain number of the Sanitol preparations are necessary to his or her every-day toilet service.

For the health and absolute cleanliness of the teeth and mouth the use of each of the **Sanitol Tooth Preparations** produces the best and most lasting results.

For the comfort and refinement of the body, each of the **Sanitol Toilet Preparations** brings to you an accessory that is elegant, serviceable and of standard merit.

All of the Sanitol preparations are the result of years of scientific work. Each is as pure and perfect as human skill can make it. They all reach you in faultless condition, are put up in attractive packages and are sold at a moderate price.

Sanitol Tooth Powder	25 Cents
Prevents tooth decay and keeps the teeth white.	
Sanitol Oxygen Face Cream	25 Cents
An absorbing skin nourisher and complexion beautifier.	
Sanitol Tooth Paste	25 Cents
A pure white cream that perfectly cleans the teeth.	
Sanitol Oxygen Toilet Talcum Powder	25 Cents
Cooling, healing, soothing. The perfection of toilet powders.	
Sanitol Liquid Antiseptic	25 Cents and 50 Cents
An unequalled mouth wash for teeth, mouth and gums.	
Sanitol Oxygen Bath Powder	25 Cents
A refreshing, cooling powder to sprinkle in the bath.	
Sanitol Tooth Brush	35 Cents
Guaranteed, adapted to the shape of the teeth and mouth.	
Sanitol Children's Tooth Brush	25 Cents
Of small size to reach between and around tooth surfaces.	
Sanitol Oxygen Face Powder	35 Cents
A complexion beautifier. In three tints; flesh, white, brunette.	
Sanitol Violet-Elite Toilet Soap	25 Cents
Pure, delicately perfumed, producing a clear complexion.	
Sanitol Hygienic Toilet Soap	25 Cents
For the toilet, nursery and bath. A pure quality soap for the skin.	
Sanitol Oxygen Shaving Crème	25 Cents
A soft, white jelly that softens the beard. Just apply, then shave.	
Sanitol Shaving Stick	25 Cents
A pure, fine-lathering soap that equals the best.	
Sanitol Antiseptic Shaving Foam	25 Cents
A creamy soap foam that softens the beard and makes shaving easy.	
Sanitol Violet-Elite Toilet Water	50 Cents
Exquisitely perfumed, for every toilet use.	

The complete line of Sanitol Tooth and Toilet Preparations is sold by all druggists and toilet supply vendors.

The Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Company
Makers
St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

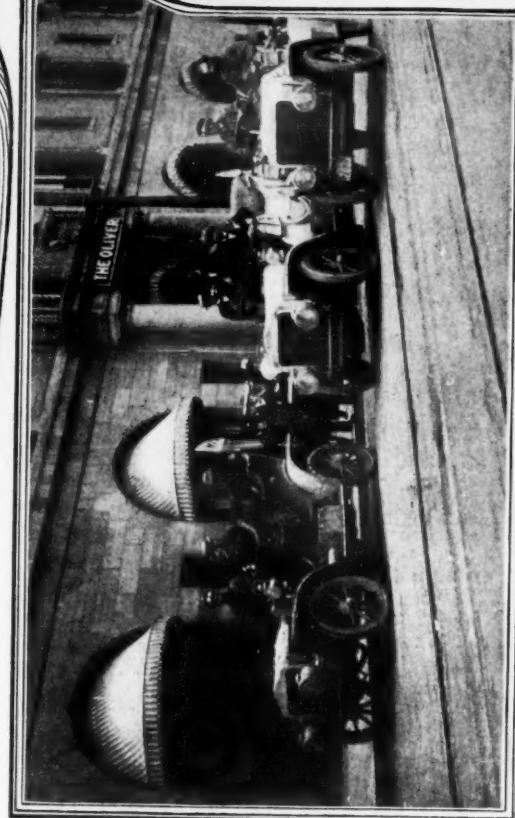


The Incomparable WHITE Car for Service



PHOTO COURTESY BY H. L. SPENCER
Making the record-breaking climb at Wilkes-Barre

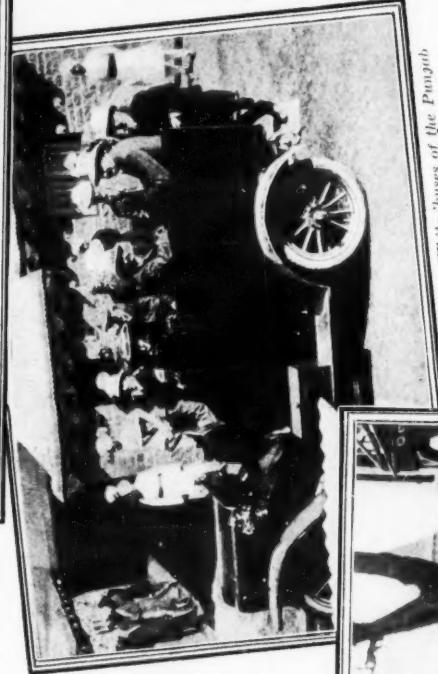
The Advantages of the White Steam Car



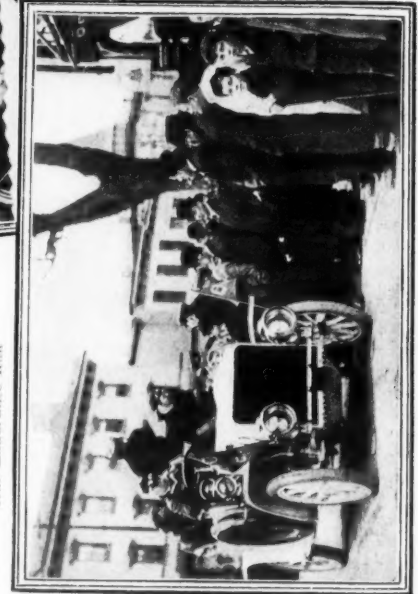
The White Squadron in the Glidden Tour

SOME OF THE ADVANTAGES of the White Steam Car can be pointed out most forcibly by an analysis of the results of public contests. Consider, for example, the question of hill-climbing ability. In the great hill-climbing contest at Wilkes-Barre last Decoration Day the White climbed the hill in 1:49.4-5, or 10 seconds faster than any of the 50 high-powered gasoline cars which competed against it. At the contest in Cleveland, two weeks later, the White made the climb in 47.2-5 seconds, as compared with the best gasoline time of 51 seconds. At Witter, Cal., the White made the three-mile climb in two minutes faster time than its nearest competitor. In the recent San Francisco hill-climbing contest, the White won all three events by liberal margins. At New York on April 7th, the White climbed Fort George hill in 32.1-5 seconds, as compared with the best gasoline car performance of 36 seconds.

THE WHITE won all three of the competitions held in England under the auspices of the Royal Automobile Club for the purpose of determining the relative "desirability" of motor cars. First of all it won the famous London Town Competition, wherein were considered all the features of construction and operation of cars intended for town use. The White won the "dust competition" held at the Brooklands track. Finally, the White won the South Harting hill-climb, wherein it received first award because it



One of the White buses of the Puget Sound Motor Transport Company



Winner of the Quaker City Motor Club Endurance Run

Trophy and that held by the Quaker City Motor Club — the White was victorious. One White run a-bout and 12 gasoline runabouts competed for the Hower Trophy on the Glidden Tour, and the original contest was prolonged until the tie between the White and the sole gasoline survivor resulted in a White victory. In

the Quaker City Motor Club Endurance Run, January 1, 2 and 5, 1908, the single White entry emerged triumphant from a contest against 27 gasoline cars of 23 leading makes.

AS REGARDS the desirable features of construction and operation, no other car can even approach the White. It is absolutely noiseless, odorless and

developed at the rear wheels a greater proportion of its assigned horse-power than did any other car. This contest established beyond question that, in the

free from vibration. All speeds, from zero to maximum, are obtained by throttle control alone. It starts from the seat and the engine can never be stalled.

hill-climb, wherein it received first award because it

developed at the rear wheels a greater proportion of its assigned horse-power than did any other car. This contest established beyond question that, in the White, a smaller proportion of the power of the engine is lost in wear and tear on the mechanism than in any other car.

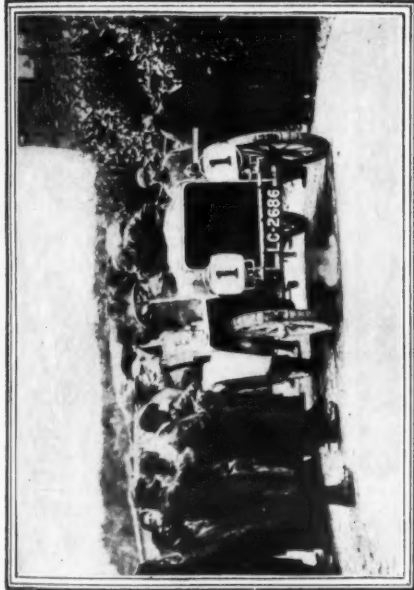
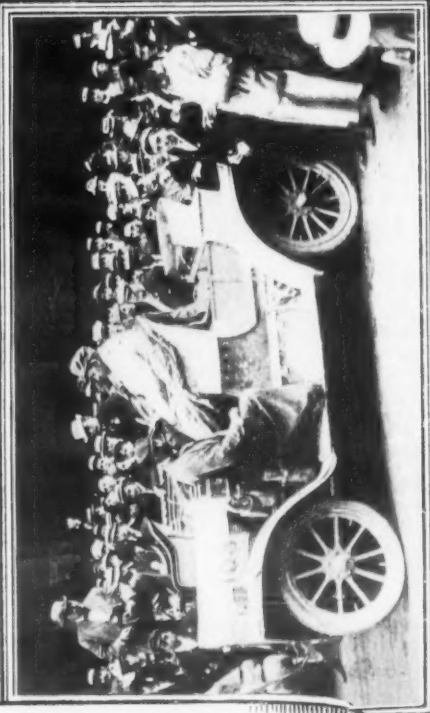
THE ENDURANCE runs of the last year have proven beyond question the superior reliability of the White. In the Glidden Tour all three White cars made perfect scores, a record not equaled by any other make. In the local contests held at Harrisburg, Chicago, Boston and other cities, the team showing of the White was not equaled by any other make.

MOST CONCLUSIVE of all reliability contests were those where the issue was fought out until victory perched on the banners of a single car. In each of these contests—that for the Hower

Winning the 25-mile Five-for-all at Santa Rosa



Winning the Hower Trophy



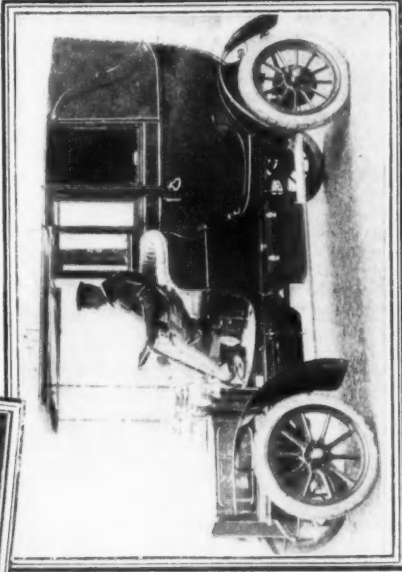
Start of the South Harting hill-climb

free from vibration. All speeds, from zero to maximum, are obtained by throttle control alone. It starts from the seat and the engine can never be stalled. It is by far the simplest car to operate. Tires last twice as long on the White as on any other car of similar weight.

WE NUMBER among our patrons the United States War Department, the Navy Department, and also the Executive Department. In fact, the White is the only automobile which has received commendation in an official United States Government report. The White is the only American touring car which is sold in quantity abroad. For example, there are more White cars in England than there are of any one make of foreign touring car in this country. The White cars are the prevailing type in Japan, in Hawaii, in Australia, and they are widely distributed in all other parts of the world. As one traveler expressed the matter, "The farther away one goes from the region of garages and repair shops, the larger is the proportionate number of White cars in use."

FINALLY, it might be pointed out that the White Company has the largest paid-in capital of any concern in the industry, and its great manufacturing plant at Cleveland is a Mecca for engineers from all over the world who are seeking the latest ideas in factory construction.

White Landulet, winner of the London-Town Carriage contest



The perfect group White cars in the Stated Tourist contest

THE WHITE COMPANY

300 ROSE BUILDING, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Write to us for Literature and the Address of the nearest Sales Office

Branches and Agencies in all of the Principal Cities

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

GORDON SUSPENDERS

THEY NEVER GROW LONGER

Gordon Suspenders have NO RUBBER in the shoulder parts. The sliding back takes the place of rubber. Once fit Gordons STAY FIT—they never grow longer. Suspenders with rubber in the shoulder parts do grow longer.

Elastic suspenders not only wear out while being worn, but will wear out even when not worn. Rubber naturally weakens and elastic suspenders lose their elasticity while hanging in the wardrobe.

Many elastic suspenders are half dead when you buy them, having been in stock a long time and the rubber become weak.

Whenever and wherever you buy Gordon Suspenders they're as good as on the day they were made.



10 reasons why we can guarantee Gordon Suspenders for one year:

- 1—Buttonholes in the back ends are not cut in—they are woven in the webbing, which makes buttonholes that cannot tear.
- 2—Plenty of stretch in back ends for bending.
- 3—Ends double stitched & clasped—cannot separate.
- 4—Smooth sliding back, which slides with every move. Relieves all strain—affords full shoulder freedom.
- 5—Substantial double faced webbing. Light in weight & the strongest suspender webbing. Rubber webbing weakens & becomes useless long.
- 6—Once fitted the buckles need never be raised. On elastic suspenders buckles need frequent raising.
- 7—Ends unhitch and connect quickly—unnecessary to unbutton them—grip is convenient, simple, strong.
- 8—Tubes through which the cable-yarn ends ride without hitch. Relieve all strain & allow free action.
- 9—White cable-yarn ends are the strongest of all suspender ends. Proof—our one year guarantee.
- 10—Pliable cable buttonholes which cannot tear. Buttonholes in leather do widen & tear.

OUR ONE YEAR GUARANTEE: If ends break within one year we give new ends FREE. If other parts break within one year we give a new pair of Gordon Suspenders FREE.

Most suspenders are too long or too short—Gordon Suspenders are made in sizes to fit short, medium and tall men. 4 SIZES: 33, 35, 37 and 40. Size is on every pair. When ordering mention length from back suspender button over shoulder to front suspender button.

Gordons are now sold in a large number of cities. Being NEW they are not yet on sale everywhere. Any painstaking retailer should gladly get Gordons for you. If he will not, buy of us by mail. 50 CENTS A PAIR, POSTPAID. After one week's wear if you don't like them send them back, and we will return your money. Please try your home stores first.

Gordons are made in plain Black, White and Plain Colors, also in Stripes.

GORDON MFG. CO., 287 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.



Non-elastic suspenders keep the trousers well up, snug and comfortable and keep the edges from brushing the ground.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

sense," and he made their condition a text for some caustic remarks upon immigration in general.

He showed that during the past five years the foreigners admitted to the asylums of Ontario had increased from twenty to thirty per cent, while the inmates of Canadian birth had decreased from eighty to seventy per cent. In the same period the cost of maintaining the foreign-born patients had more than doubled. The foreign-born adults furnished fifty per cent more than their share of admissions to the asylums in proportion to their numbers, and while they formed only one-fifth of the population over sixteen years old, they contributed thirty-eight per cent of the commitments to jail. Mr. Hanna asserted that there were twenty-six times as many cases of insanity among the new arrivals as there should be, and expressed a strong suspicion that many defective emigrants were deliberately sent from Great Britain to get rid of them. "An analysis showed that whole families of degenerates were included among arrivals, and weaklings of all objectionable types were represented, as well as many with criminal records."

Meanwhile the spring rush of American settlers across the border into Saskatchewan and Alberta surpasses all expectations and all records. This is an influx that Canada heartily welcomes.

Gambling in New York

Bookmakers beat the Governor and the Constitution

THE attempt of Governor Hughes of New York to end the race-track scandal in that State met with a temporary check on April 8, when the Senate by tie votes of 25 to 25 refused to pass two bills to carry out the intent of the Constitution. Gambling of all kinds is prohibited by the Constitution of New York, which particularly specifies pool-selling and bookmaking. The Legislature is required to pass laws to make that prohibition effective. The year after the Constitution was adopted the Legislature pretended to obey this mandate, but really nullified it as far as race-track gambling was concerned by passing a law which provided that the only penalty for gambling inside a track fence should be the liability to a civil suit for the return of money won. The Governor has urged the necessity of obedience to the spirit as well as to the letter of the Constitution. His party controls the present Legislature by almost a two-thirds majority. Moreover, in the Senate at least, it has what little morality and decency can be found in that region. The Democratic minority of the New York State Senate, led by the unspeakable Grady and McCarren, is probably the most degraded apology for a party representation that has been known in any State since the Legislature of Pennsylvania arranged the theft of the streets of Philadelphia. But eight Republican Senators were found to join seventeen Democrats in defense of the gamblers. Governor Hughes immediately announced that the fight had only begun, and as his first counterstroke he issued a call for a special election in a Senatorial district in which death had deprived the anti-gambling element of one vote.

The Asquith Cabinet

A new deal, but few new cards

THE reorganized British Cabinet displays a considerable shifting of chairs, but not much actual change of membership. Besides Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the only member of the late Cabinet to retire is the Earl of Elgin, who is replaced in the Colonial Secretaryship by the Earl of Crewe, formerly President of the Council. The only new men are Winston Spencer Churchill, promoted from an under-secretaryship in the Colonial Office to the position of President of the Board of Trade, and Walter Runciman, late Financial Secretary to the Treasury, who has been made President of the Board of Education. Lord Tweedmouth has paid for the honor of numbering an Emperor among his private correspondents by giving up the place of First Lord of the Admiralty and moving over to the honorable, but less important, chair of President of the Council. He is succeeded in the thankless Admiralty job by Reginald McKenna, at whom the critics are already barking. Premier Asquith takes the position of First Lord of the Treasury, and his former place of Chancellor of the Exchequer has been filled by David Lloyd George, who while in opposition was regarded by a large part of the nation as a hare-brained agitator, and who has been transformed by two years of power into one of the most popu-

lar statesmen in British public life. He now stands at the head of the line of succession to the Premiership.

One of the most remarkable features of the new deal is the acceptance of a peerage by the Great Commoner, John Morley, who becomes a Viscount while still retaining the position of Secretary of State for India. Mr. Morley's translation is thought to foreshadow some slackening in the crusade against the House of Lords. Another Cabinet position goes from the Commons to the Lords by the bestowal of a peerage upon Sir Henry H. Fowler, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The general tone of comment upon Mr. Asquith's work of reconstruction reflects an impression that a strong Cabinet has been made stronger.

Wealth in Water Powers

The President wishes to save it for the public

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S recent announcement that he would veto any bill giving away water rights without proper safeguards of the public interests was no empty threat. On April 13 he sent to Congress a message disapproving a bill allowing the Rainy River Improvement Company an extension of three years in the time allowed for building a dam in the Rainy River. He called attention to the fact that there were then pending bills permitting the construction in navigable streams of dams capable of developing over thirteen hundred thousand horse-power. "These rivers," he added, "run every hour in the day and every day in the year. To develop this amount of power would, under average conditions, require about twenty-five million tons of medium quality coal every year. This natural wealth is the heritage of the people. I see no reason for giving it away, though there is every reason for not imposing conditions so burdensome as to prevent the utilization of the power."

In place of the present careless dissipation of a great public property, the President urges a definite policy. Under this an applicant for power privileges would secure a carefully limited grant in the nature of an option, to afford him a reasonable opportunity for the development of his plans. This grant would be accompanied by an express provision for its annulment in case the work should not be begun or carried out in accordance with the authority granted. Some designated official should be charged with the duty of seeing that the plans provided for the maximum development of navigation and power. There should be a flexible license fee, which, beginning at a small or nominal rate, could be so adjusted as to secure a future control in the interest of the public, and the life of the grant should be definitely limited.

The President reminds Congress that we are at the beginning of a great development in water-power, and that already the evils of monopoly are becoming manifest. He condemns the present policy of "giving away the property of the people in the flowing waters to individuals or organizations practically unknown, and granting in perpetuity these valuable privileges in advance of the formation of definite plans as to their use." "In some cases," he remarks, "the grantees apparently have little or no financial or other ability to utilize the gift, and have sought it merely because it could be had for the asking."

The Phantom Candidates

All the nominal opponents of Taft on exhibition

ALL the important Republican favorite sons are now in the field. Senator Knox has the solid sixty-eight votes of Pennsylvania, for although the State Convention has not yet met, its action is foreordained and every one of the sixty-four district delegates has already been elected on a Knox ticket. Speaker Cannon has at least forty-four of the fifty-four votes of Illinois, together with a whole-souled endorsement from his State Convention. Vice-President Fairbanks has the thirty votes of Indiana. Senator La Follette has twenty-five of the twenty-six delegates from Wisconsin. Finally, Governor Hughes has the nominal support of the State Convention, the delegates at large, and most of the district delegates from New York.

The action of the convention which professed to support Hughes makes it clear that the Republican candidate is to be Taft or Roosevelt. All the other favorite son candidacies were notoriously hollow; the only one that ever had any substance was that of Hughes. It made no difference what resolutions might be passed

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about Knox, or Cannon, or Fairbanks—everybody knew that they were empty compliments. But many people really looked to Hughes as a formidable candidate, and in more favorable circumstances he would have been one. As it happened, however, there was a still stronger man from his own State, and President Roosevelt proved that he was the master of the Republican Party of New York. Some of the resolutions at the Republican State Convention on April 11 were for Hughes, but the cheers were for Roosevelt. Even the platform was four-fifths Roosevelt to one-fifth Hughes. Not a word of encouragement was given to the Governor in his fight for decency and morality against a corrupt combination in the Legislature, while the President's policies were rapturously approved. Only in one respect did the convention fail to give hearty support to the national Administration, and that was on a point upon which the warmest support was deserved. The President had urged Congress to put wood pulp on the free list for the safety of the forests, without waiting for a general tariff revision. The men who are interested in grinding up the forests of the Adirondacks induced the convention to say in its platform: "We endorse and approve the policy of Congress in refusing to revise the tariff by piecemeal."

Mr. Fairbanks has secured one curious bit of undeserved distinction. His convention in Indiana suggested that the tariff should be revised by the present Congress after the November election, and he has been generally credited with the invention of a valuable idea. It seems to have been overlooked that Uncle Joe Cannon's Illinois platform had already declared for tariff revision "at the next session of Congress, or at a special session of the Sixty-first Congress"—giving the present Congress the preference.

American Ships at Maracaibo

One interest that Castro has not killed

ALTHOUGH Secretary Root said in his castigation of Castro that the Government of Venezuela had "practically confiscated or destroyed all the substantial property interests of Americans in that country," a report from Consul Plumacher at Maracaibo conveys the remarkable news that every one of the fifty-four steamers that entered that port in the year 1907 was under the American flag. "For the special service of Maracaibo the company runs three fine steamships, equipped for passenger and cargo services, and it is seldom that any of these have a berth unoccupied. The steamers also carry the mail, and never fail to keep schedule time."

Twenty-three Danish sailing vessels called during the year, but the numerous British, French and Italian sailing ships that

used to frequent the port have disappeared. Most of our consuls complain that the American flag is never seen afloat in their neighborhoods. Its unusual prevalence in Venezuelan waters may help to explain the Administration's reluctance to take drastic measures with Castro.

Italy's World's Fair

A Double Celebration of a National Birthday

WHILE Japan is preparing with characteristic deliberation and thoroughness for a World's Fair at Tokyo in 1912, Italy has stolen a march on her by announcing one for 1911. The Italian exposition is to offer the novelty of being held in two places at once. The artistic, historical, and archeological features are to be displayed at Rome, while Turin will handle the products of modern industry and labor. Thus people who care for nothing but culture and those who are interested only in tomato cans and safety razors will be able to enjoy their respective preferences without clattering up each other's footsteps with annoying obstructions.

The object of the Italian duplex World's Fair is to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the Kingdom of Italy. It is a reminder that the realm of the House of Savoy, so often spoken of as an upstart among nations, is really of very respectable antiquity. Half a century is a considerable time as things go in modern Europe. When Italy is celebrating her fiftieth birthday the German Empire will be forty years old, the French Republic thirty-nine, and the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary forty-four. France and Austria-Hungary, of course, had an existence as Powers before they adopted their present systems of government, but the German Empire is younger than the Italian Kingdom not only in form but in substance. There is no more swift or dramatic transformation in modern history than that which in the short space of two years changed the petty state of Sardinia into one of the great Powers of Europe. Nor is the suddenness of this blooming of Italian nationality any more remarkable than the fact that it came so late. Here was a land seemingly set apart by nature for the home of a united people, and yet through nearly three thousand years of recorded history it had never formed a really national state. When it was not held together by a Roman, a Gothic, or a Byzantine conqueror it was split into discordant factions. Certainly the realization of aspirations so long unsatisfied by the creation of the first national Kingdom of Italy is an event worth celebrating. And it is a matter of particular interest to the United States because there are more Italians here than in any other country in the world outside of Italy.

The New York Saloon

(Continued from page 17)

They are thus able to report whether a particular man is really hard up, when he spins a story of bad luck, or whether he is a free spender, with plenty in sight. The bills and the pressure to be applied in demanding payment can thus be adjusted. If you squeeze a man beyond the agony point, he will jump the claim. I remember how one of our leading brewers, high in the councils of the "Associated Brewers," held back a water bill for five years, letting it accumulate, and then sprung it on his dealer—\$700. It took him two more years to pay it by deducting the amount from his yearly percentage off on beer.

The brewers to-day, like a band of crusaders, are crying: "The dives must go."

Well, we will let them go. The executive offices of the breweries know the street address of the evil houses and the thieves' hang-outs that flaunt their signs to the passers-by. That little room in each brewery labeled "Collectors' Room" hears the doings of the "Humble Dutchman" in the watch-lifting line discussed several times a month; likewise the martial exploits of "Black Martha," the militant virgin of Hell's Kitchen. Rosey Hertz is talked of accurately everywhere except in the official announcements of the brewers to the public that saloon evils are "much exaggerated."

It is true that in some breweries the final owner does not keep detailed information on his hapless agents. But there are men in his employ who know the facts.

The brewer has been as a baron, with

the brewery for castle. His light-armed skirmishers, the collectors, sally out each week to collect his tribute money, while his heavy men, the drivers, keep the vassals true to their overlord, and, by oaths and size, see to it that the allegiance does not leak away at any secret point. Very definitely the brewer has said from his castle to the dealer:

"You go to hell in your own way, and take the community with you. But see that you pay my bills. I am not responsible for a devastated landscape."

For the first time in history, the brewer must make two clean-cut decisions. He must decide to combine with the other brewers for a clean-up, and force the weaker, erring brothers to join in the good work. That is one item of the program. The other is this. He has been driven to the fork in the road, and he must decide to take the responsibility as well as the profits in his retail trade, or else to cut loose from the retailer. If he cuts loose, that at once gives an opening for responsible men as retailers. For the retailer who has to find his own bond of \$1,800, advance \$1,200 for license money, and be responsible to a property owner, will have every reason to run a raid-proof place.

And now we have sketched the saloon-keeper's life, so far as it is lived in relation to the brewer. Already we see that he is always in debt, always in trouble. Next week we shall tell the story of his relations with the police, politicians, thieves, gamblers, prostitutes, and doctored-drink brokers.

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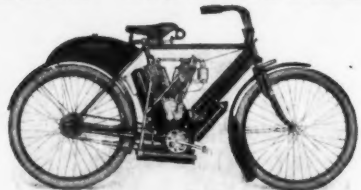
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WHEN April's tinge was on the fringe
Of willows near my pool
She clipt their shoots to fashion flutes
For children of her school;
She sloped the tips to suit the lips
Of rosin around,
Drew forth the pith and shaped it with
The chambers of the sound.

My fancy said: "That way was made
The magic pipe of Pan,
Which crept so rare upon the air
It crazed a listening man."

SHE took a flute and shrilled salute
Of Arcady so clear,
I felt the ring and chime of spring
Thrilling through my ear;
A mystic sense of rapt suspense
Mingled strange with all
The bubbling frogs, the echoing dogs,
The bluebirds' mating call.

So sweet the charm, I felt no harm,
Yet there my craze began,
With every note her pulsing throat
Blew on the pipe of Pan.

Dr. Koch's Visit to America

How Science is Treated in Germany and in this Country

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M.D.

THE test of a civilization is the degree to which it brings out what is best in its people. This we usually hear applied only to the average citizen, to the toiling millions. But it is equally true—and we had almost said even more important—with respect to the unusual man, the genius. It is impossible to create a genius, but very easy to smother him, or handicap him for life after he is born.

If Robert Koch, who is now in America, had been born in this country, would the world have reaped the priceless usufruct of his talent it is now enjoying? In the opinion of those best fitted to judge, scarcely more than half of the additions that he has made to our knowledge of disease and control over human fate and happiness would have been secured if Fate had decreed that he should have been "made" elsewhere than in Germany. He would still have been as great a man, have written his name as high upon the roll of honor of science, but his community and the world would have reaped barely half the advantage from him.

It is not for the comfort and fame and selfish interest of the genius that we plead, but for the benefit and profit of the community. Koch made his first brilliant stroke of genius (the discovery of the anthrax bacillus, and the laying down of the great canons, the axioms of all future bacterologic research) practically unaided, as a modest country doctor. This a man of such mental calibre would probably have accomplished anywhere. But now the difference begins. From that day to this Koch has been placed, by the prompt and voluntary action of his Government as representing his people, in a position where he has never had an instant's anxiety as to his financial condition or his future, and has been able to turn the whole of his great powers undividedly to the cause of pure science and of research in the interests of humanity. These twenty-five years past he has been provided with a liberal income, without scheming or thought on his part, with a superbly equipped laboratory and well-trained assistants. Honors and titles have been freely bestowed on him, and he has been sent to the ends of the earth in pursuit of the trail that his investigations developed.

He studied malaria for years in "Dark-est Africa," and he has just returned from years of study of the "sleeping sickness" on the same "Dark Continent."

Who will for a moment grudge the money that the German Government has expended in this way? It is the highest proof of its intelligence that it could possibly have given that it has said: "Behold! Here is a Man! Let us use him for all that he is worth."

Within four years of the creation of the Koch Hygienic Laboratory in Berlin, its workers and students had dis-

covered the germs of cholera, of tuberculosis, of typhoid, and of diphtheria, making the extermination of these four deadly plagues only a question of time.

If he had been born in America—? His discovery of the tubercle bacillus would have been rewarded at best by the title of "Professor" in some medical college, with a salary of from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year, for which he would be expected to teach successive generations of raw, crude undergraduates for four to eight hours a day, with the privilege of devoting his leisure time—and such energy as he might have left after struggling with "the hungry generations that trod him down"—to the real work of research.

The situation is a little better now, thanks to the endowment of such institutions as the Rockefeller and the Carnegie Institutes—but only a little. Our Government, boasting itself to be a model of progress, confines its recognition and encouragement of this sort of talent—surely not the least valuable to humanity—to the maintenance of its army and navy medical departments and marine hospital public health service. These, while admirable in their way, are so crusted with fossilized precedent and tied down by official "red tape" as to be little better than vanity and vexation of spirit to all investigators who enter them. The Government, though illiberal enough in salary, is liberal in providing them with a laboratory. But scarcely has serious work begun than some fat-headed senior officer, who has the necessary departmental pull, thinks he would like the honor and the leisure of a special research post. And the budding Koch is promptly exiled to Arizona or the Philippines, to make room for him. As to the liberality of its rewards to those who, in spite of discouragements, insist upon doing original work and making discoveries—let the ghosts of Carroll and Lazear rise and tell. These men practically discovered, or at least definitely proved, the transmission of yellow fever by the bite of the mosquito, offering their own bodies as victims for the test. One died immediately, a martyr to his devotion to humanity. The other lingered along, broken in health, for a year, and then followed him.

More than a year later, after enormous pressure had been brought to bear, a special act of Congress was forced through, granting to the widows of these highest honors to our army service and of American medical science the incredibly liberal pensions of \$75 and \$125 a month respectively!

If another Koch were to be born tomorrow in America, what would become of him?

We alone among civilized nations have no department of the Government on the lookout for such men to secure their services for the nation and humanity.

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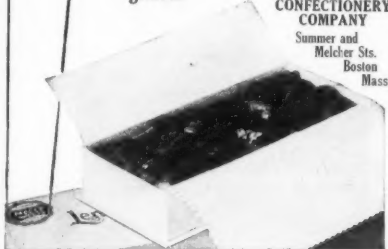
As an example try a box of

Lenox Chocolates

Look for the seal on every box

one of 500 kinds made and sold under the seal of Necco Sweets. You will also find the simpler confections for the children among the Necco Sweets—for their health as well as their pleasure remember the name—look for the seal. At all dealers who sell high-grade goods.

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The Style for Carefully Dressed Men and Women

The Shoes Made of this Leather are Fashionable because they are Handsome and Durable, Comfortable and a Color Harmonious with any costume.

Fashionable Shoes

Golden Brown Kid Color No. 21

Equally suitable for both Men and Women. The color makes the feet look smaller than a more pronounced shade.

The original high finish lasts as long as the leather itself.

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Low Brothers
High Standard
Liquid Paint

Gives Best Results

You'll find the information it gives on paints and painting, varnishes and stains very useful—whether you are a Painter or a House owner, this book will help you in many ways.

THE LOWE BROTHERS COMPANY
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Ralston Health Food is not white—but has the natural golden color of wheat.

Ralston Health Food is sterilized—so always good.

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HEALTH FOOD

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Which is right—a big heavy automobile or a light-weight, easy-riding one?

The Franklin Type G family touring-car (costing \$1850) weighs only 1600 pounds. Any other automobile of equal capacity weighs 2000 pounds and upward.

The 5-passenger Franklin Type D (costing \$2850) weighs under 2200 pounds. Other 5-passenger machines weigh on the average a third more.

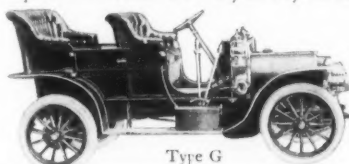
The 6-cylinder 7-passenger Franklin Type H (selling at \$4000) weighs only 2600 pounds. No other high-power automobile built anywhere at any price approaches Type H for ability and comfortableness. Yet most of the 6-cylinder machines weigh a thousand pounds more. Even the average 5-passenger, 4-cylinder machine weighs several hundred pounds more.

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The Franklin is easy to ride in, easy to handle, and strong and safe. The power isn't handicapped by useless weight.

This weight question is vital. Before you buy an automobile, see it weighed.

Write for the catalogue describing Franklin models.



Type G

H. H. FRANKLIN
MFG. CO.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Member A. L. A. M.



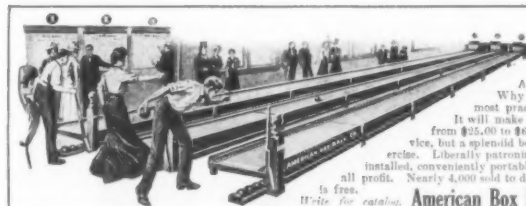
The proper kind of refreshments puts the hostess at her ease. There is nothing for any occasion so delicious and so sure to be appreciated as Welch's Grape Juice, served as a punch, a sherbet or a dainty dessert.

Welch's Grape Juice

contains no alcohol, coloring matter or chemicals—just the flavor and the nutrition which nature puts into the choicest Concord grapes.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send \$3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice, free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10 cents.

THE WELCH GRAPE JUICE COMPANY, Westfield, N. Y.



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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Chops, Stews, Game, Gravies, Salads, Cheese and nearly all the courses in a dinner are given

"that finishing touch" by its use. It is a good digestive.

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Knapp-Felt De Luxe hats are Six Dollars. Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars, everywhere.

Write for The Hatman.



THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
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THE ALL-WAYS
A NEW RAZOR



Requires no advertising. At \$6.00 it sells itself, but if you shave or patronize a barber we want you to

Send for Our History of Shaving It is Free

The "All-Ways" can only be had by ordering direct from us:—No Dealers—In this way you may be sure of getting a perfect razor.

Williams Sales Co. 705 Wallace Bldg. New York

If you are now using any type of a safety razor write for our special proposition for buying an All-Ways.

As many different Positions in one Razor as Shaving Requires.

YOUR SUMMER PLAYGROUND?

Half the enjoyment of the summer vacation depends on the choice of the right place. There's a right place for everybody. You will find it described in the 1908 Summer Book of the Lackawanna Railroad, entitled "MOUNTAIN AND LAKE RESORTS," a beautifully-illustrated book of 112 pages and a practical guide to the best places for fishing, hunting, golfing, motoring, climbing, sailing, swimming or any other sport or recreation. The book will tell you the one best place to go to, the right way to go, and the best place to stay. It gives lists of hotels, rates, railroad fares, etc.

Send your address and 10c. in stamps and the book will be mailed to you.

GEORGE A. CULLEN
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Lackawanna Railroad

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GINGER ALE




is a most delicious and pure ginger ale. Produced with scientific care and epicurean judgment. Of pure water, sugar and ginger, it is always the same.

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CLICQUOT CLUB CO., Millis, Mass.

CULVER Summer Naval School



Offers the most delightful as well as the most beneficial summer outing ever devised for boys. Instruction in sailing, rowing, and seamanship is given in U. S. Navy cutters. Lessons in swimming, dancing and boxing. Tutoring in any study. Beautiful and healthful location. A week's cruise on the Great Lakes from Chicago to Buffalo and return, a visit to Niagara and stops at points of interest en route, made on one of the magnificent steamers of the Northern Steamship Company, a feature this summer. For beautiful illustrated catalogue address

Executive Officer,
(On Lake Maxinkuckee) **Culver, Ind.**



Keep Your Home "Spick and Span" with The Stanton Window Washer 10 Days' Free Trial

Nothing will beautify your home like the Stanton Window Washer. It washes Windows, Porches, Steps, Floors, even your entire house, quicker, easier, cheaper and better than any other method. Consists of a handle of hollow, seamless steel tubing, as light as wood, fitted with hose connections and a perfect water valve, aluminum "Sprayers," fine brushes, etc. You simply attach hose to the handle. Water goes up through the handle, is sprayed through the brush upon the object to be cleaned. While brush is doing thorough work, it is continually being cleansed by flowing water. Patented "goose neck" prevents water from running back down the handle.

Our No. 1 outfit, with 3 ft. handle, is made to clean woodwork, but particularly to wash entire houses. TEN chances to one your house does not need RE-PAINTING. It can be thoroughly washed with the "STANTON" very cheaply, and will look nearly as "good as new." Our No. 2 outfit, with 4 ft. handle and short floor brush, is made for scrubbing floors, porches, steps, etc. Our No. 3 outfit, with either 6 or 8 ft. handle and fine soft brush, is for windows and polished surfaces. All handles and all brushes are interchangeable, so that you may choose any combination. Have the "STANTON" shipped express prepaid, on 10 Days' Free Trial. Money back if it doesn't "make good." Our No. 1 or No. 2 Combination sells for \$5.00; No. 3 for \$6.50. SPECIAL OFFER: No. 2 and either No. 1 or No. 2 sold for \$10.00; No. 1 and No. 3 for \$9.50.

Special Inducements to Live Responsible Agents, the Kind Who Sell Things.

Address today, **GEO. R. STANTON, 1304 West Main St., Decatur, Ill.**



Val le Morte

(Concluded from page 22)

Black Steven's eyes had been upon his nephew, who knelt apart wrapped in his chains of thralldom. He turned his head slowly and his eyes met the eyes of the witch-maid.

"How runs this ancient prophecy?" he asked in an odd, still tone. The woman stared at him.

"Penmarch shall mate with Pendragon, and by their seed shall England be rent asunder," she said.

"Pendragon?" he questioned.

"Aye, Steven," she said. "Do you not see that I am the last of the House of Pendragon? Morgan-le-Fay, Uther's daughter, Arthur's sister, bore me. I have lain in the rock where Merlin laid me, all these ages, waiting—waiting."

"Aye!" said Steven. "Aye!—And if mortal man mate with you he must lose his soul because you are a fay."

"As all men know," she said.

"Aye," said he, "as all men know." And he said the words of the ancient prophecy over again under his breath:

"Penmarch shall mate with Pendragon, and by their seed shall England be rent asunder." He was very grave. He rose to his feet and walked a few paces back and forth in the firelight, his face upturned to the velvet gloom. The girl crouching beside the fire watched him with puzzled, uncomprehending eye.

"Now," prayed he aloud, "God whom I have loved and served and worshiped desert me not in this grim hour. Show me the way! Let me not fail her who leans upon me, nor the lad whom she has put in my hand to guard. Show me the way!"

Abruptly he spoke to the witch-maid whose eyes stared at him.

"You can not be turned from your vile purpose?" he said. "You will not free you lad from his bondage unless I slay him?"

"Fate can not be turned, Steven," said she. "It is not I."

He prayed again, wrenching each word from him as in agony.

"What must I do?" he asked of God. "Show me the way! Shall I slay him and bear him dead—to her?"

His face writhed suddenly. "That would slay her also. What shall I do?" His hard-wrung voice took a softer tone, and he almost smiled through his bitterness.

"We—lean upon your strength, Steven—Troilus and I." Then in a sort of trembling whisper: "My lady—my lady!"

He strode to the kneeling boy who slept in his magic bonds, and with his two hands he lifted the bowed head, looking a long time into the boy's face. Thereafter he walked again with upturned eyes, his lips moving in who shall say what passionate prayers, what poignant self-searchings.

In the end, after much of this, he tossed his two hands in air, as the witch-maid saw, watching him, and he said aloud: "I can not—fail you—lady, not even in this last."

He had the air of one who after a long and very bitter struggle, has at last come to some grave determination.

Once more he turned to her who crouched waiting and wondering by the fire. His head drooped and he looked white and very tired.

"Loose the lad yonder and—let him go!" he said. There was in his weary tone something strange and momentous. Perhaps, fay though she was, it frightened the girl, for she gave a little shaking laugh which strove to be contemptuous.

"Penmarch shall mate with Pendragon," she said. "You can not defy Fate."

"I shall not try," he said gently. "I also am of Penmarch. Set the lad free and let him go."

The witch-maid screamed. She leaped to her feet and caught Black Steven by the shoulders with her two hands, staring into his face.

"You, Steven!" she cried out shrilly. "You, You?"

"I take the lad's place," said he.

Her knees gave suddenly under her, and for a moment she hung upon him by her arms, her slim body shaking as she were in an aque fit. Then she dropped back and again crouched in her old place beside the glowing fire. Her red lips hung open and she stared, wide-eyed, scarcely yet comprehending.

"Why?" she said presently in a slow gasping whisper. "Why—Why?"

"For love's sake," he said, "but that need not concern you. Will you set the lad free and let him go?"

Staring yet, dully, like one dazed, she turned toward young Troilus. She stretched out an arm and said something in barbarous foreign words. The boy shivered and his head stirred. One after the other his arms dropped from his face and he raised his head. It was like an abrupt waking from deep slumber. For a moment he knelt on looking about him. Then he saw his uncle and sprang toward the man with a great cry.

"Steven, Steven!" he cried and caught the elder man by one arm. He was shaking and frightened.

"What—is this, Steven?" he said. "What do you and I here?" For a moment he glanced to the waning fire and the slim maid who crouched there in her golden garment. Recollection seemed to come to him in a flash, and he covered his eyes groaning.

"Let us go away!" he said after a little space. "Come, Steven, let us go! I have been mad."

Black Steven set his hands upon the boy's shoulders and looked down very sorrowfully into the mazed, affrighted young eyes.

"You must go, my lad," said he, "and I stay. Do not question me and do not fret me with outcries or protestings. Go quickly!" Despite his words the boy cried out upon him in amazement and terror, with scornful refusals to go alone, but Steven spoke sharply, almost in anger, and the lad's long habit of unquestioning obedience stilled his tongue. He fell silent, staring up into his uncle's stern face with wondering, bewildered eyes.

"Go you back to Penmarch," said the elder man, "and tell—the lady—Alianor—your mother, that Steven le Noir has held to his word—has done his utmost and will not return! Say to her that in this adventure he has had ever in mind his oath—to give body and soul to the succor and safeguarding of her son. That is all. Go you now, lad, and leave me here! Never forget what I have taught you, to live cleanly, to honor all women, to spare the weak, to fight to the utmost being in warfare, to die a good death. Go!"

Abruptly he turned to the witch-maid. "What do you hold sacred," he demanded, "that you may take oath upon?"

"Fire," said she, still in her dull maze, "and earth and the names of the great kings which were before Adam and sleep in the mountain of Kaf."

"Swear," said Black Steven, "that never through you nor your powers nor the powers of your seed shall any evil or spell or influence of any sort come to this lad or to his house or to his posterity!"

She took in one naked hand a glowing brand from the fire. And thereat young Troilus cried out with horror—with the other she tore a clod from the earth.

"By earth and fire," she said, "which are very sacred, and by the holy kings who sleep in the halls of Kaf—" She named them all. "Soliman Ben Daoud, Soliman Raad, Soliman Daki, Soliman Gian Ben Gian," and the rest—"I swear that no harm shall come to him or to his."

Steven le Noir kissed the boy on either cheek and put him away at arm's-length. He took the shield from his back and hung it about Troilus's neck, and he gave into the boy's hand his sword.

"Never sully this, lad!" said he. "They have been borne with honor. And now go! Do not forget what I have told you. Go!"

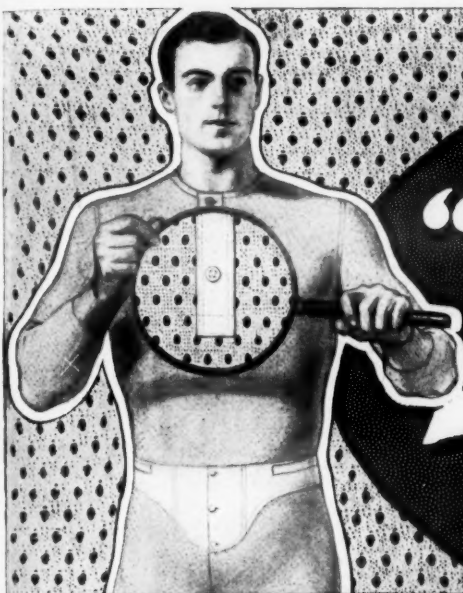
The boy's eyes were still full of a great uncomprehending wonder. It was as if he moved in a dream among half-formed things grave, terrible, and momentous. At his uncle's bidding he turned and went without a word.

Half-way up the bank of the ravine he looked back once. Through the tall tree-trunks the fire gleamed yellow and red against an inky gloom. On opposite sides of it stood that slim black-haired girl in her golden garment, and his uncle, Steven le Noir, sometime of the Out Isles. The two stood still, and, so far as he could determine, silent, gazing gravely each into the other's eyes across the pulsing glow of the magic fire, and they did not stir the while he watched them. A little pang of fear stabbed at the lad's heart, he did not know why nor what he feared, but he turned and began to clamber more quickly up the precipitous bank.

At the top he found his horse waiting there patiently in the cool moonlight. He mounted and rode away south to Penmarch.

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The marvelous growth of Borden's Condensed Milk Company is due to unceasing vigilance in observing rigid sanitary regulations in the manufacture of their products. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened) have received highest awards wherever exhibited.—Adm.



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that COOLS —

“**Porosknit**”

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“*Porosknit*” must eventually become the summer underwear of every man. From a strictly common-sense understanding—you know that “*Porosknit*”—the open knit is cooler than tightly knitted underwear—you know that “solid” fabric, however light, smothers the body and “sticks” to the skin with all day discomfort at first perspiration.

“*Porosknit*” underwear is different—differently better—it allows the heat of the body to escape—the fresh air to cool the sweltering skin—it allows perspiration to pass off without disagreeable odors remaining and instead gives freedom and freshness to the wearer.

If for no other reason than this, “*Porosknit*” is the very best and only logical summer underwear for men. “*Porosknit*” is more tho’, as light as it is and as open knit as it is—it’s the most service giving of all summer underweares. The finest,

long strands of combed yarn are twisted into wear-resisting fabric with elasticity and strength.

Each shirt and drawer is full proportioned—right-fitting—well made and worthy of the good name “*Porosknit*.” We sew our label on each genuine “*Porosknit*” garment so that you can protect yourself against any poorly made underwear represented “as” or “as good as” “*Porosknit*” Underwear.

Any time you don’t see the “*Porosknit*” label in the neck or on the drawer, turn a deaf ear to the clerk’s explanations and find a worthy retailer in your town.

Insist on having “*Porosknit*”; if you can’t find it at your dealer’s write for our booklet, “Inside Information.”

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It’s a Heap of Satisfaction

—Maxwell owners say—to own a car you’re not ashamed of in any company—one that, like a well-bred woman, however meagre her purse, is yet at home in the best society.

Now there be cars which, tho sold for only a little less than Maxwells, yet have such a shoddy appearance—such a “dinky” aspect—such a “cheap” look—the owners always feel like apologizing for driving them—tho a slim purse is surely no disgrace.

What is it gives to such cars the cheap look? It’s difficult to define. Yet it’s there—you can’t escape it any more than you can fail to notice ill breeding, however rich the garb with which it is clothed.

Next time you go to the Country Club, the golf links, anywhere that Wealth and Culture meet, note how many Maxwell cars and how few other low-priced ones are parked among the Foreign Nobility and the High Caste American machines.

The Maxwells will look as if they belonged there; the others like a country bumpkin in a drawing room—well meaning but out of place.

It’s this indefinable something—this outward appearance that somehow tells of quality inherent, bred-in-the-bone construction—has given Maxwells the title “The Aristocrats of moderate priced Cars.”

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